National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXI. NO. 39. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1861. WHOLE NO. 1,079.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,
AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,
BY THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
At its Office, No. 5 Beekman Street, New York,
AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE
PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
107 *N. Fifth St., above Arch, Philadelphia.*
ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

THE STANDARD.

ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Phonographic report for THE LIBERATOR by J. M. W. YERRINTON.
[*Concluded from last week.*]

Speech of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THE PRESIDENT then announced RALPH WALDO EMERSON, of Concord, who was received with three vigorous cheers by the audience, followed by three cheers for the Union from the mob, and a succession of disturbing groans and outcries. Toward the close of Mr. Phillips's speech, several policemen had entered the gallery, and their glazed caps were conspicuous among the rioters. Rev. Mr. Waterston, in the midst of the tumult, rose and asked, "Will not the police do their duty?" The appeal had no effect, however, and Mr. Emerson was obliged to wait some time before his voice could be heard. At length, when comparative silence was obtained, he said:

MR. PRESIDENT: It is little I have to say; but to fill up the interval between the gentleman who is about to follow me, and the organ of thought and opinion who has just spoken, I will say, that I am very happy to see this Society, through its organs here, asserting those principles which belong to this soil, which belong to every person who now hears me (hisses); and I am glad that a Boston boy, educated here in our schools, here in our colleges, all his life spent among you, has learned to find in your hearts an answer to every burning word he speaks. Why, ladies and gentlemen, I feel that really the Boston boys are all right. I am a little proud of this village. Let me say to those young foreigners, to those young strangers, that I was born on the spot where the Post Office now stands; that all my education has been in her town schools here, here in her college, and all the best of my life spent here. That is true, too, of the gentleman who presides here, and of Mr. Phillips, who has just addressed us. I think the same record cannot be shown by the young people who have endeavored to interrupt this meeting.

But I have to say, that one thing seems only too plain, in the new history of the country, as well as in the old. They say that the Asiatic cholera takes the vital principle out of the air by decomposing the air. I think it is the same with the moral pestilence under which the country has suffered so long; it actually decomposes mankind. This institution of slavery is based on a crime of that fatal character that it decomposes men. The barbarism which has lately appeared wherever that question has been touched, and in the action of the States where it prevails, seems to stupefy the moral sense. The moral injury of slavery is infinitely greater than its pecuniary and political injury. I really do not think the pecuniary mischief of slavery, which is always shown by statistics, worthy to be named in comparison with this power to subvert the reason of men, so that those who speak for it, who defend it, who act in its behalf, seem to have lost the moral sense. Here are young men from the Southern country, whom we have always supposed were in the minority, who had not spoken, but who would yet save their country—they also have been educated here in our institutions, have been educated in Europe, and when they have gone back, they have suffered from this opthalmia, this blindness, which hides from them the great facts of right and wrong. They do not perceive the political, economical and moral mischief done by the institution. I chanced, within a few days, to be reading the travels in Alabama of the English naturalist, Gosse, who has set all our boys making aquariums, and he recites precisely those facts which are denied by our Southern friends—the burning of books and the like, the utter suppression of all freedom of thought and conversation among friends. [Noise in the gallery, which obliged the speaker to pause.]

I was going to say, that I hope that, in the great action now pending, all the forbearance, all the discretion possible, and yet all the firmness, shall be used by the representatives of the North, and by the people at home. Gentlemen, friends, no man of patriotism, no man of natural sentiment, can undervalue the sacred Union which we possess; but if it is sundered, it will be because it had already ceased to have a vital tension. The action of to-day is only the ultimatum of what had already occurred. The bonds had ceased to exist, because of this vital defect of slavery at the South actually separating them in sympathy, in thought, in character, from the people of the North; and then, if the separation had gone thus far, what is the use of a pretended tie? As to concessions, we have none to make. The monstrous concession made at the formation of the Constitution is all that can ever be asked; it has blocked the civilization and humanity of the times up to this day. I cannot help thinking, just now, in connection with some facts that were mentioned, of a story of Mr. Wilson. You all know Professor Wilson, the author of the "Noctes," the wit of Edinburgh and London. When some gentlemen, strangers at the lake——[Noise in the gallery, hisses, groans, calls of "Put him out," "Dry up," "Unbutton your coat," etc.]

Mr. Emerson—I know you will hear my story; it is very good. One of Professor Wilson's family had been insulted in a boat upon the lake. The fact was brought to his knowledge, and he immediately prepared to horsewhip the offenders. They learned to whose family the offended person belonged, and got a mutual friend to go with them to the Professor's house, to propitiate him. He introduced them, and said, "These are the gentlemen who have, by some mistake, interfered with your friend." Professor Wilson heard their apology coldly, and allowed them to depart. When they had gone, his friend said, "Why, Professor, you should have more magnanimity than to receive their apology with such coolness." "Magnanimity!" said he; "was ever magnanimity more enormous than mine? There they sat, and I did not pitch them out of the window!" (Laughter.) It seems to me that is really a fair illustration of the immense concessions that have already been made, and we do not need any more.

But I will not detain the company longer.

Speech of Thomas W. Higginson.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, of Worcester, the next speaker, was received with cheers (with which some hisses from the gallery intermingled), and spoke with less interruption than his predecessors, as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN: We are debtors to the disturbers of this meeting for several things. If it were possible to add to the rhetorical triumphs of Wendell Phillips, they have given him an additional one this morning (applause); and if it were possible to show to Massachusetts the calm, recluse philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, in a still more noble aspect, this setting of riot has completed the picture (renewed applause). Even the bare threat of disturbance has promoted this Society out of the little Mercantile Hall, where it has met for the last few years, into Tremont Temple; and if the mere rumor of trifling danger has produced so much, what would the appeal of actual danger do among the anti-slavery men of Massachusetts? (Cheers.) It has done more than this. The Personal Liberty bill is pending in the State House. How many additional votes our friends in the gallery have rolled up for us! (Applause and hisses.) How many more will our opponents (whom the gods have made mad)—how many more will they give us, before this Convention has concluded its sessions? And that other measure—the Metropolitan Police bill for Boston (loud cheers, the rioters in the gallery revealing, in characteristic manner, the terrors the bill has for them)—a measure which no one would have dared to suggest, and which I, for one, would have voted against, under ordinary circumstances—there are a hundred men in that gallery, to-day, who are working with all their heart and soul to pass that Metropolitan Police bill (loud cheers). As Shakspeare says,

> "'Tis you that do it, not we. You do the deeds,
> And your unworthy deeds find us the words."

Here are we, anti-slavery speakers, tired of speaking. We had fallen away from the work. We had been grossly remiss—I know I had, for one—in these last anti-slavery meetings in Boston, for a few years, in not coming. We thought that so much of the battle had been won, that our voices, at least, might be spared. Your silence [pointing to the gallery] had silenced us; your noise calls us forth again (cheers). It is one of the strongest objections I have to this state of things, that it has brought me here to-day, for one, to make a speech against my will. If speaking becomes a crime, if speaking is to be put down by the chaos of quadrupedal noises we have heard this morning, the sooner we all begin to talk the better (applause).

Mr. Chairman, we are not here to-day to dig in the ashes of the past; we are not here to-day even to contend for the slave. The slave, to-day, must take care of himself, for the moment, while we are defending the right of the white men of Massachusetts to be heard in Boston (loud applause). I thank these rioters, who have placed us in a position so logically irresistible that we are sure of the verdict at last. Slavery or anti-slavery may be right or wrong; FREE SPEECH is right always and everywhere (prolonged cheering). We have come back to a position which is impregnable. They have driven us out, it may be, for a moment, of the questionable Fort Moultrie of our position; but it is only to fall back upon that Fort Sumter of human right, which, in Massachusetts, will never again be captured (loud applause). Never again! The day is past. Those who try to disturb it now, occupy a position as hopelessly far in the rear as possible. To say that it is behind this age is nothing—it is behind *all* ages—the attempt to put down free speech by mob law. Those who try it are too old to be the grandfathers of the hunkers. The remotest ancestors of hunkerism never dreamed of anything more idle than the effort to suppress it in the manner in which it is sought to be done to-day. To call it death is nothing—the position of hunkerism that has been taken here. It is like that nobleman in England, who said, when he knew he had held his public office too long, and speaking of himself and an octogenarian compeer—one of those "old public functionaries" who are not confined to this country—"Why," said he, "Trelawny and I have been dead ten years, only we won't acknowledge it" (laughter). The thing that all the wealth and power and administrative energy of Boston tried to do, when the anti-slavery party numbered but a hundred, and failed to do it, it is now idle to attempt to do to-day, when, even under all the invitations given to the mob, a large majority of the meeting are the friends of free speech! (Applause, and cries of "Good.") This work of reinstating ourselves upon a platform undisturbed will not last long. The battle has been fought and won again this morning, and it can never again be waged under such disadvantages to us (cheers). It will not last long, and then we can fall back upon our legitimate work, which is, our own rights secured, to look after the rights of others; to seek, not to defend the rights of the wealthy and influential, who can take care of themselves, but of the poor and the outcast. Is there any man who is trampled on by the whole community? There is the man for us to defend. Is there any man whom a whole class of his fellow-citizens seek to persecute—who, in the night time, when defeated in their efforts to disturb peaceable assemblages of other men, unite in little companies, and go into corners, and down cellars, and into horse-railroad cars, to drag out and glory in persecuting the negro, because they do not dare to meet a white man—is there any class of men in Boston so degraded as that, and any such more degraded class who wish to persecute them, it is for them that we must labor, and make their cause our own. It is because this Society has labored for them that all this miserable hostility has been called forth to-day. It is because this Society has done its work in calling forth not only the men who believe in Mr. Garrison's dogmas wholly, but men like those who have spoken here this morning, who are not identified with him in his views of the Constitution, or with Mr. Phillips in his—it is because the Anti-Slavery Society, by the noble liberality of its platform, has called such men upon it, that it is opposed and resisted; and, by the same token, it is doing that, for fighting the great battle of liberty for Massachusetts men, that this Anti-Slavery Society will become a blessed memory in Massachusetts, and this day a sacred day of triumph for free speech henceforward and forever (loud applause).

On motion of HENRY C. WRIGHT, the meeting adjourned to 3 o'clock, p. m.

The noise in the galleries then ceased, the disturbers leaving the house with the others. A very large number of these disorderly persons, however, remained in the street before the Temple, using profane, boisterous and threatening language as the audience dispersed, especially manifesting their hate toward Mr. Phillips, against whom threats were freely made. A hearse happening to go by at this time, one brutal ruffian called out—"Hold on, and take Wendell Phillips." Mr. Phillips, however, left the building by a private way, and the mob was thus deprived of an opportunity to vent their malice in any other way than by threats.

Afternoon Session.

The hall was crowded to overflowing before the hour for calling the meeting to order, and it soon became manifest that the disturbing element had received large accessions to its force. *The Traveller* describes the mixed character of the gathering in this wise:

"As soon as the doors were thrown open, the crowd, comprehending every grade of politics, morality, and religious belief in its ranks—Breckinridgers, negroes, Douglas men, [illegible] streeters, Beacon streeters, John Brown's men, ministers of the gospel, pickpockets, reporters, teamsters, dry goods jobbers, loafers, brokers, rum sellers, ladies, thieves, gentlemen, State officers, boys, policemen—it is impossible to enumerate the elements of which this promiscuous throng was composed.

"Outside, a number of people," continues *The Traveller*, "as if too lazy to enter, and too curious to go away, hovered about the door of the Temple, inspecting all who entered with as much particularity as if they had been all veritable Nadgets, in the employ of genuine Anglo-Bengalee Life Insurance Companies.

"One gentleman seemed anxious to enter, and still very reluctant to run the gauntlet of the curious eyes. At last, he spasmodically passed the threshold, and turning round, took off his hat, and said—

"'Gentlemen—I wish my presence here may not be misconstrued. I am neither an Abolitionist, a rioter nor a pickpocket. I'm going in to see a man (silence, broken by a slight tittering).'"

Just before three o'clock, a number of policemen entered the galleries, and were greeted with hisses by the rowdies, who then gave three cheers for Mayor Wightman.

The meeting was called to order at 3 o'clock by Mr. QUINCY, who read a letter from FRANCIS JACKSON, President of the Society, declining a reëlection. On motion of Rev. Mr. HODGES, the letter was referred to the Committee on the Nomination of Officers.

CHARLES C. BURLEIGH was then introduced as the first speaker in the afternoon, and proceeded to address the assembly, speaking nearly an hour, in the midst of the wildest uproar, to which he paid no more attention than if he were on the other side of the globe, but spoke right on, with a logic as clear, a spirit as uncompromising, and illustrations as pertinent and forcible, as if he were addressing the most quiet and attentive audience ever assembled before him. We are obliged to defer the report of his speech till next week.

By the time Mr. Burleigh had concluded, the lower part of the hall under the gallery was completely packed with the mob, who cheered and hissed in one corner, and were lustily answered by cheers from the opposite corner, which drowned the voice of the speaker. He sat down amidst applause and hisses.

The PRESIDENT said he observed men in the audience with badges on their breasts (loud and long continued uproar, and repetition of singing for several minutes, followed by clapping of hands and "tigers," during which the President stood in silence, or consulted with those about him).

The President again attempted to call upon the police, but his voice was fairly drowned by the noise. The audience arose upon their feet, some trying to escape in their fright. Cushions were taken from the seats in the gallery, and tumbled down upon the heads below in rapid succession, and were tossed about from place to place. The confusion and uproar were indescribable. First, the mob would sing, then cheer, then hiss; then sway one way, and then the other; cushions and hats were thrown in the air, dogs barking, cats mewing, etc., etc., were imitated, and uproar reigned supreme. After awhile, there was a lull, and the Chairman then introduced Mr. GEO. H. HOYT, of Athol, as one of John Brown's counsel.

This was the signal for a renewed outbreak of calls, and cheers, and hisses, which completely drowned Mr. Hoyt's voice.

Mr. QUINCY—I observe in the hall, scattered about in various conspicuous places, men with badges on their breasts. If the police have not been instructed by the Mayor to stand by and assist this mob by their silence and inactivity, they will do their duty. (Hisses, groans, derisive laughter, etc.)

Speech of Geo. H. Hoyt, Esq.

At length Mr. HOYT attempted to speak, though his voice must have been utterly inaudible six feet from where he stood. The reporter was close to his elbow, but the confusion was so great, that the closest attention was required to understand what he said.

I think, said Mr. Hoyt, that Mr. Garrison spoke the truth when, a quarter of a century ago, he said, "I am in earnest; I will not equivocate; I will not retreat a single inch." Before the face of a Massachusetts mob, the Anti-Slavery Society says, "We are in earnest; we will not equivocate; we will not retreat a single inch" (tremendous uproar).

After a pause, Mr. Hoyt said—"It seems to be a question whether your voices or my legs will first kick the beam." [The mob again sung, "We are going home," etc.]

Mr. Hoyt—You have been "going home" so long, it would be cause for thankfulness if you would go at once.

It was now four o'clock, and the disturbance had reached its culminating point. Scarcely a word could be heard that was uttered on the platform. Just then, a movement was noticed in one of the aisles, and presently it was seen that the Mayor, with the Chief of Police, and a large posse of officers, was slowly forcing his way to the platform. Arrived there, he stepped to the centre, in front of the President, and said:

Speech of Mayor Wightman.

Silence! SILENCE! SILENCE, in the gallery! Fellow-citizens—fellow-citizens—I am sure that you, who are the citizens of Boston, will listen to the voice of its chief magistrate. [GALLERY—"Good"—"Good"; "Three cheers for Mayor Wightman."] Fellow-citizens, I can only say, that you will testify that respect for the chief magistrate whom you have elected, by keeping silence, and listening to that which I shall say. [GALLERY—"We'll do it." "Three cheers for Mayor Wightman."]

The MAYOR (in the imperative mood)—*Silence!* SILENCE! I am requested, inasmuch as this meeting has been disturbed by tumultuous and riotous proceedings—I am requested by the Trustees of this building to disperse the meeting. [The rowdies screamed, "Good"—"Good," and cheered at the top of their lungs.]

Dea. GILBERT, one of the Trustees, pressed forward, and exclaimed, "It isn't so. Will you let me see the letter?" The Mayor declined.

Mr. QUINCY—Will you allow the agent of the building, Mr. Hayes, to see it? We doubt its authenticity.

The MAYOR—I will not, sir. I will settle that to-morrow, not now [turning to the audience]. Fellow-citizens, having thus announced my purpose, under the written order of the Trustees [VOICES—"False!"—"False!"], I have now simply to say to you, that I am sure you will respect me enough to leave this place quietly and peaceably. ["No"—"Yes"—"Read the letter."]

The confusion, at this time, was indescribable—that of the platform rivalling the gallery, for everybody crowded forward to the desk, amid excited cries of—"It's false!"—"It's a lie!"—"Read it!" etc. At length the Mayor was forced, by the storm of dispute, to read the letter, which he did, first remarking—"I am requested to read the document which has been placed in my hands, and I regard it as sufficiently authentic for this purpose." The letter was as follows:

BOSTON, Jaunary 24, 1861.

HON. J. M. WIGHTMAN, Mayor of the City of Boston:

We hereby notify you that a tumultuous and riotous assem[illegible] thirty persons is now engaged in disturbing a meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society at Tremont Temple, and we hereby request you, in your official capacity, to quell the riot and protect the property where the meeting is now being held—to wit, Tremont Temple.

Yours, respectfully,
WM. H. JAMESON, GEO. S. DEXTER,
GEO. W. CHIPMAN, JOSEPH STORY,
T. GILBERT.

Shouts of derisive laughter were heard on all sides, at the conclusion of the letter, for everybody saw that the request was one totally different from that expected by the Mayor.

At this point, Mr. QUINCY inquired if Sheriff Clark was in the hall, stating that there was a letter of importance for him from the Governor. It was generally supposed that the letter had reference to the preservation of order, but its real character did not transpire.

Having read the letter of the Trustees, the Mayor turned to Mr. Quincy, the acting President, and asked, "What do you want me to do?" Mr. Quincy replied that he wished the galleries cleared, and the Mayor directed the officers to perform that duty, and they entered upon it immediately, and in about fifteen minutes the galleries were cleared, no resistance being offered. Many of the rioters, however, as they came down stairs, entered the doors at the end of the hall, and that portion was densely crowded with an uproarious crowd, enraged at the aspect of things, and excitedly yelling, "Clear the platform!" "Wightman! we want you to clear the platform!" With this modest demand, however, the Mayor did not see fit to comply.

The work of clearing the galleries was finished at 4.35, and then the President said:

Mr. QUINCY—The members of the Anti-Slavery Society, and those who desire to participate with them, will be seated.

It was found impossible to seat the numbers who had crowded upon the platform, and the President inquired of the Mayor if the orderly portion of the audience on the platform could occupy the galleries; to which the Mayor replied in the affirmative, and soon comparative order was restored.

The MAYOR—Gentlemen (I shall not say ladies and gentlemen, because that is always unnecessary), the meeting is now in a quiet state; it is for you to maintain it so. As long as there is no disturbance by any one, it will go on with its proceedings. If there is any disturbance, the police are authorized to suppress any demonstrations of that kind (applause, and three cheers for free speech).

Mr. QUINCY—If the gentlemen on the edges of the meeting are contented to remain and assist in the further proceedings, they can do so; if not, the police will forthwith clear the hall of all disturbers.

The Mayor then called two of the Lieutenants of Police to the platform, and gave them instructions with regard to the disposition of their men, and that they were to be under the direction of the President of the meeting. Then, turning to Mr. Quincy, the Mayor said—"Mr. President, I now give the meeting into your hands, and take my leave."

There were no more cheers for Mayor Wightman; but the rabble that still remained in the rear of the hall cheered for the Union, and one of their number put the question, "All those in favor of adjourning the Union meeting will say "Aye," and declared it "a vote"—but still the crowd of unruly spirits remained, though their demonstrations were not so violent as before.

Mr. QUINCY—I now request all the members and friends of the Society to be seated, as far as possible. If there is any disturbance in the further proceedings of the meeting, I shall direct the further part of the hall to be cleared. Let that be understood, beforehand. We want all to stay and hear what is to be said; we do not want to turn a man of you out. If you have anything to say against any of the sentiments that have been expressed here, the platform is just as free for you to oppose as for the previous speakers to advocate them. Mr. Hoyt will now proceed with his speech.

Speech of George H. Hoyt.

MR. CHAIRMAN: When the proceedings of the Convention were interrupted, our friends in the rear of the hall had just concluded that familiar psalm tune to which our ears have become so accustomed, "We are going home." After a great deal of "going," and "goings on," some of our friends have actually left, and for that we are certainly obliged (applause).

Some weeks ago, Mr. Chairman and ladies and gentlemen, we who live upon the hills of Western Massachusetts received tidings from Boston which filled us with wonder and with disgust (hisses). Wonder—that upon the free soil of the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts, even in Boston—Boston, where the tribunes of the people have spoken since liberty had a name and a foothold upon the American continent—Boston, under the shadow of Bunker Hill—the Boston of Faneuil Hall—one man should have been found so false to his manhood and so recreant to his social trust, as for one single moment to entertain the purpose to interfere with the free discussion of the question of anti-slavery. Disgust, I say also, that when a considerable body of men entertaining this contemptible purpose were found willing and ready to invade this very Temple, and here successfully assail the dearest right an American can possess, the strong right arm of municipal authority was not instantly outstretched to quell the mob, and, in the name of law, liberty and American civilization, protect the respectable gentlemen here engaged in an investigation of the merits of that question. I think it may not be egotism in me to say, that I know well what the sentiment of Massachusetts is in regard to this matter of free speech. I will at least undertake to speak for Middle and Western Massachusetts; and it is time that Boston understood that the whole of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts is not contained in this peninsula, and that, if the people of Boston will not vindicate and defend that right, the people of the Commonwealth, in their sovereign capacity, will come here and do it for them, to save our dear old Commonwealth from that reproach (loud applause, and hisses from the remnant of the mob). I thank God that at last the city government of Boston has undertaken to defend this right for us. We would maintain it ourselves, and by their aid and assistance we shall maintain it, throughout the proceedings of this Convention. [A VOICE—"I'll bet you don't."]

I suppose there may be some here who would like to know upon what basis a professed Republican of the campaign of 1860 can stand here. I have not, hitherto, understood that there was necessarily any inconsistency between a Republican, believing in political action as a remedy for the evil of slavery, and a conscientious Abolitionist.

A VOICE—"Is John A. Andrew an Abolitionist?"

Mr. HOYT—I hope to heaven he is; and I think I can say he is. If he is not, he is no true Governor of Massachusetts. I do not mean such Republicanism as is represented by the recent Senatorial speech of William H. Seward; I do not mean such Republicanism as is represented by the compromise of Tom Corwin; I do not mean such Republicanism as is represented by Charles Francis Adams, who proposes to admit New Mexico as a slave State. [The RIOTERS—"Three cheers for Adams."] I do not mean such Republicanism as is represented, for instance, by the Springfield *Republican*—a smart journal in the western part of the State, which has not, until lately, found dirt enough to eat—which says the Republicans are not opposed to slavery as a sin *per se*, but because it is a ruinous system, regarded as a question of political economy. But I mean such Republicanism as would legislate eternal liberty into the Territories. [Here there was a rush and surge in the back part of the hall, and every indication of a row. The lights were put out under the gallery, and, for a moment, a serious disturbance was anticipated; but nothing came of it; the gas was again set aflame, and Mr. Hoyt proceeded.] I mean such Republicanism as would legislate eternal liberty into those Territories which are the common inheritance of the people of the whole country. That is the sort of Republicanism I mean; and as I have hitherto been a Republican and a conscientious Abolitionist, so here and now, because my reason and my heart prompt me to make the declaration, I declare that I am also in favor of Disunion (applause, hisses, and cries of "Put him out"). And, as conscientiously as I have hitherto been a Republican and an Abolitionist, I declare to-day that I believe the Southern States have a right to secede, and will secede ["Good"], and I am glad of it (applause and hisses). For slavery is, as the "Thunderer" of the London press declares, "a disgrace to the whole nation"; and when at last the slave States have gone out of the Union by themselves, they will have taken away from the remaining States of the Confederacy the disgrace and ignominy of becoming responsible, to any extent, for the intolerable curse and crime of human bondage (hisses). So I say the slave States have seceded, and will stay in that attitude, and I am glad of it, because I see in that condition of affairs a bright ray of hope for the persecuted and oppressed negro. [A VOICE—"Why don't you fight for him?"] In the course of events, those States will either abolish slavery, as a matter of self-preservation (and God speed that day!), or else the sun of some morning will shine on another St. Domingo, and many and many another Toussaint (cheers and hisses).

I stood by the side of John Brown in the hour of his trial (applause, groans, hisses and yells); I stood by his side in the scene of his mock trial and his persecution—[A VOICE—"Shame on you!"]—and I would have remained by him until he was executed, if a Southern mob had not driven me from the place ("Good"—"Good," cried the rowdies). Mind you! I have stood in the face of a Southern mob, and I shall not retreat in the face of a Boston mob ("Good"—and applause). By the side of John Brown, in the presence of that manly resignation and that heroic fortitude which struck the world dumb with admiration, I registered in my heart a solemn vow, that so long as God permits me to live upon this earth, his footstool, I will, with all the powers he gives me, oppose the cursed institution of slavery, even to its utter abolition (loud applause and hisses). Entertaining these convictions, I am no man if I occupy any other position than the one I do occupy to-day. I am here to-day because Boston tells me that upon this platform I shall not declare slavery to be a curse and a crime; because Boston declares that the people of Massachusetts shall not clear themselves of the iniquity of the institution. I am here to-day because I am instructed that it is unpopular to stand here. If that be the case, I thank God for that unpopularity, and I hope to carry a large amount of that unpopularity along with me through life (applause and hisses).

I have said all and more than I intended when I took this position; but I could not consent that my feeble speech should be broken up by a combined and menacing mob in the city of Boston, where I have lived ten years. I saw in that gallery and in the rear of this hall, many and many a young man with whom I have associated in this city; some with whom I was in the public schools, and many with whom I have associated in other relations; and I should have felt it to be a lasting disgrace if, when their voices were upraised to silence me, I had submitted. I trust, fellow-citizens, ladies and gentlemen, that all men who believe in the crime and wickedness of the institution of slavery, and have hitherto declared their belief in the necessity for its utter abolition, in the process of time, now that it has become unpopular to express their opinions, will not run the risk of being written down execrable cowards by withholding the truth to-day. Let the truth be spoken, be the consequences what they may (loud applause).

The meeting then adjourned, to reassemble at half-past 7 o'clock.

Friday Morning.

On Friday morning, the general public being unaware that it had been decided by the officers of the Society not to attempt to hold any further meeting, since they had been ejected from their hall by the Mayor, a large number of people assembled at the doors of the Temple, at an early hour, some of them evidently friends, but the majority, as evidently, of the character of those who had disturbed the preceding meetings, if not the same individual rioters. The police, who were stationed at the doors, informed the crowd that no meeting was to be held there that day, which satisfied the well-disposed, who left at once; but the rabble were incredulous, and, regarding the statement as a "weak invention of the enemy" to deprive them of their anticipated fun, hung about the doors, or entered the side door, which leads to the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, and the offices of other tenants, visiting, without ceremony, any apartment which they chose, and making themselves generally obnoxious by their rowdyish conduct and vile talk.

Mr. Hayes, the agent of the building, repeatedly assured the intruders that there was to be no meeting—that the officers of the Society had resolved not to hold their meeting by *permission* of the Mayor—and requested them to withdraw, but without avail; and not until the hour appointed for the meeting (10 o'clock) had long passed, did the crowd evince any disposition to leave. At length, however, the police were able to clear the street, and restore order and quiet.

BUSINESS MEETING AT THE ROOMS OF THE SOCIETY.

A large number of the members and friends of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, finding the Temple closed against them, assembled at its Room, 221 Washington street, where the events of the preceding day, the conduct of the city authorities, and incidental matters, were the topics of animated conversation for a considerable time. The reason for the discontinuance of the meeting not being generally understood, the advent of the officers of the Society was looked for with much interest; and when Mr. Quincy and Mr. May entered the room, they were besieged by a host of inquirers, anxious to learn the exact position of affairs. At length, in order to satisfy all present, Mr. QUINCY called the meeting to order, and said:

You all know how our meeting was interfered with yesterday, and how it was concluded in comparative good order, by the interference of the Mayor. When he came there, he intended, undoubtedly—I am willing to believe, through a mistaken impression of the request of the Trustees—to clear the hall. When informed of the error, he cleared the disturbers out, and put us in possession of the hall.

He then came to me, and asked me what I wanted him to do; and from that time forward he took the part of a good magistrate. He left me a force of police to keep order. Mr. Hoyt concluded his speech, and good order was kept—at least, he could be heard. The Mayor also said to me that he *recognized the legality of our meeting, and he would protect us.*

He then said to me: Now I have restored to you the control of the meeting; now, sir, I wish you to consider whether it is well for you to hold a meeting to-night. The authorities are often unable to control the fury of mobs when excited, and are overborne by force. He virtually asked me to have no meeting in the evening. I said I could not decide; that it belonged to the Society to do so; but that I was sure they would not forego the evening meeting. I told him that tickets were to be used, and I did not believe there would be any disturbance.

What influences were brought to bear upon the Mayor afterwards, I do not know: but you all know of the unfortunate orders which were issued after he left us.

Last night, we met and talked the matter over with a few friends, and we concluded to-day that we would not recognize the right of the Mayor to turn us out last night, by accepting his permission to use the hall to-day.

HENRY C. WRIGHT—I wish to state that no order was served on the Trustees; it was the Chief of Police. I was there, and saw him in the hall. It has been stated that the order was served on the Trustees.

SAMUEL MAY, Jr.—Both statements are right; an order was sent both to the Chief of Police and the Trustees.

Mr. WRIGHT—Well, the Trustees were not present at the meeting.

A. T. FOSS—The Mayor, I understand, sent orders to have the Temple closed to-day.

Mr. QUINCY—Well, we got ahead of him there.

SAMUEL MAY, Jr., moved that a meeting of the Society be held in this room at 12 o'clock.

Several persons inquired, "Why not now?" and, after some little discussion, Mr. May amended his motion so that it should read to have the meeting called immediately, and in that shape it passed, without objection.

At this point, three of the Trustees of the Temple entered the room, and said that they had called for the purpose of ascertaining the correctness of a statement which had been made to them by the city authorities, to the effect that the Society had declined to occupy the hall that day. They were ready, they said, to open the hall, and only wished to be certain as to the wishes of the Society.

Mr. QUINCY repeated the statement he had already made to the meeting upon this subject, and said that he would communicate to the Trustees, in writing, the action of the officers of the Society, and their reasons for it, and these gentlemen took their leave.

Mr. MAY then moved a vote of thanks to the Trustees of the Tremont Temple for their firm and manly course, and for their devotion to the interests of liberty and free speech, which was passed by acclamation.

A gentleman here said, "We may thank Mayor Wightman for all this." To which Mr. QUINCY replied—"Mayor Wightman is of no consequence. Why, gentlemen, there is no such man as Mayor Wightman" (laughter).

Mr. BUFFUM—Mr. Chairman, some of us are anxious to know whether there is such a man as Governor Andrew?

The CHAIRMAN—Let us leave these personal matters till another time, and attend to our regular business.

Mr. WRIGHT then moved that the Society proceed to the choice of officers for the ensuing year. Carried.

Mr. MAY moved that the old list be chosen, and that Mr. Jackson's letter of declination be referred to the Managing Committee of the Society, and that they be requested to invite Mr. Jackson to withdraw his declination, and remain as President. Carried.

The question was then put on the adoption of the resolutions submitted by Mr. Phillips on Thursday morning, and they were carried unanimously.

Mr. MAY then read the following resolution:

Resolved, That in the death of the Rev. Dr. CHARLES LOWELL the American slave and the colored people of this country have lost a warm-hearted, generous, and steadfast friend. His sincere and transparent soul would not refuse, and could not conceal, a warm interest and sympathy in the cause which has sought and still seeks to gain, for this oppressed race, their rights as men, as citizens, and as equal children of the great and loving God. Early impressed by their wrongs and by their claims upon him as a man and as a minister of Christ, he continued faithful unto death. In the later years of his life, although suffering greatly from bodily disease and pain, no subject was nearer to his heart; and among the last words which he committed to writing, a few hours before his death, was an expression of his deep interest in a family of American slaves, and in their restoration to freedom, and his heart-felt "God speed" to the work of redeeming our country from the sin and the shame of slavery. We mourn his departure, for he was a truly upright, single-minded and Christian man, whose life was a connecting link between these times and the purer and better days of the Churches of Boston, whose instructive voice ever showed the path of duty, and whose persuasive example called us to walk in it; and now that we can see his face no more, we would invoke a double portion of his spirit to be with us, in these days of our nation's vacillation in duty and want of faith in God.

The resolution was adopted unanimously.

Rev. ADIN BALLOU, of Hopedale, offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That this Society has aimed at nothing, proposed nothing, and done nothing, but what is in strict accordance with love to God and all mankind.

That it has exercised only the acknowledged natural and constitutional rights belonging to all the people of Massachusetts.

That we have demeaned ourselves in all respects as peaceable citizens of the Commonwealth, and that our regular twenty-ninth annual meeting has been causelessly broken up by the mob and Mayor of Boston.

That we abate not a jot of our testimony against chattel slavery, whose dupes have trampled on our sacred rights; that we will persistently assert and exercise those rights to the fullest extent of our ability as peaceable citizens.

That we throw the entire responsibility of the outrages perpetrated against us in the breaking up of our meeting on the Mayor of Boston, and that we appeal with confidence from his maladministration of government to the Boston that will be, to the country, to the civilized world, and to Almighty God.

H. C. WRIGHT—I move to amend by making it read—"appeal to the *State* and country."

Mr. BALLOU—I think Massachusetts is included in the phrase "civilized world" (laughter).

A VOICE—I move to amend by making the Mayor alone responsible for the riot. He was the real cause, and the mob were only his tools.

ANOTHER—I move to make it read "*the Mayor and his mob.*"

Somebody moved to amend by an insertion that "the Mayor had done his duty."

The CHAIRMAN—What is your name, sir?

GENTLEMAN—My name is John Davies, of the Boston Museum.

The CHAIRMAN stated that this was a meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, and that only members of that Society could submit motions or vote, though any one was at liberty to speak.

Mr. DAVIES thereupon frankly apologized, stating that he had supposed the meeting a public one, or he should not have offered his amendment.

Mr. QUINCY then remarked that it was desirable to conclude their business as soon as possible, inasmuch as they could not tell how soon the mob might pay that room a visit, and there were many tenants in the building whose rights should be respected and cared for. He hoped, therefore, that several amendments

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 18[illegible].

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

THE VICTORY AND ITS USES.

IT is not often that we enjoy the satisfaction of sailing in the same boat with *The New York Herald*. It becomes us, therefore, to make the most of the rare indulgence and accept the omen of our triumphant progress that is to be discerned in a quarter of the heavens usually so unpropitious. Last week, in a leading article, *The Herald* handsomely acknowledged that the Abolitionists had won the day, in spite of all that the political parties, their leaders and their presses, including itself, could do to prevent it. The Abolitionists had proposed to themselves to dissolve the Union and they had done it, effectually, in the face of all the opposition that could be mustered against them. It had itself done its best to expose and defeat their schemes, but it had been baffled and put to the rout instead. It went on to suggest Mr. Wendell Phillips as the first President of the Northern Republic, a nomination to which we most cordially subscribe, though we do not insist upon it as a condition precedent of our loyal accession to the new [illegible]. The week before, again, *The Herald* had a [illegible] great ability on the division of the United [illegible] to two Great Confederacies, showing how it [illegible] ad to the growth and prosperity of both, and [illegible] Mr. Seward to devote himself to the arrangement and adjustment of this separation, so as to be able to boast of "having laid the corner-stones of two majestic friendly empires, whose future grandeur we are now scarcely able to conceive."

We are happy to assent to the substantial soundness of *The Herald's* positions on both these points—though subject to some slight modification as to the details of the last one. It is true that the star of Abolitionism is the Lord of the Ascendant in the political horoscope of the present hour. The American Anti-Slavery Society dominates the nation, and Garrison is the dictator of the Republic. It is about fifteen years ago since the American Anti-Slavery Society accepted the doctrine of its Pioneer that the Constitution of the United States was a Covenant with Death and an Agreement with Hell, and that the dissolution of the existing Union was the essential preliminary to the deliverance of the slaves, for which every true Abolitionist should devote the labors of his life. We then believed that it would take the labors of a long life to accomplish this end. Thirty years was the term for which we generally believed we were doomed to toil before we should behold the dawn of this salvation. But it has been in this case as in all the rest of anti-slavery prophecy—differing thus from prophecy in general—that the event we had seen in vision as certain to arrive has come upon us long before we had looked for it. The whole procession of events, for the last twenty years, has been indicated in advance by us, as may be seen by any one willing to study the proceedings of meetings and the voice of the anti-slavery press, only they have arrived much sooner than we had dared to hope. Fifteen years only have come and gone, and the event which had looked so remote and, to the common eye, so unlikely, is already accomplished. And it was preceded in due course by the precursors we long ago indicated as certain to go before its face. Outrages of slaveholding villany, even beyond the imagination of an Abolitionist, the disintegration of the old parties, the reduction of the nation into its natural divisions, North and South, and the final political victory of the former, followed by the necessary rebellion of the latter.

We are content to accept, with all due humility, the wreath of victory which *The Herald* offers to our brows. Not that we doubt that the present state of things, or one nearly the same, would have come to pass in due time—possibly by this time—had we never been called to this work. For the natural, unextinguishable antagonisms between free labor and slave, and all the political incidents flowing therefrom, must have wrought their necessary work, by the ordination of the Most High God who hath made man as he is. But it has been ordered that the anti-slavery movement should be the sharp threshing instrument which was to separate the wheat from the chaff in this region of the field of the world, and we claim the crown as we have never flinched from taking up the cross. We have won the victory. The enemy themselves, at the North and the South, acknowledge it. Mr. Hilliard, of Alabama, spoke the words of truth and soberness when he said that it was no fears of any mischief that President Lincoln could do, no irritation about Personal Liberty bills or the closing of the Territories to slavery, that precipitated the secession. It was the moral disapprobation of slavery itself, which Mr. Lincoln's election by all the free against all the slave States proved to exist in the Northern mind, which made it necessary. Now, that condition of the public mind and conscience we claim as the result of our persistent and untiring agitation of slavery, in Church and State, for the last thirty years. Thirty years ago, the South foresaw this inevitable consequence of the free discussion of slavery and demanded its suppression. Now, its most cultivated and intelligent men point to the present state of things as the fulfilment of the prophecy which was enacted into the Georgia law, offering Five Thousand Dollars as a reward for Mr. Garrison's head, long before Mayor Otis, of Boston, had found out that such a man existed.

And what are all the riotous demonstrations which have welcomed the Abolitionists everywhere [illegible] months but admissions of the thoroughness [illegible] they have done what [illegible] example, the late [illegible] Riot in [illegible] what did it amount to? A mere ebullition of pro-slavery rage and spite at being defeated and put to an open shame. State street felt that Garrison had his foot on its neck, and of course it swore, and bellowed, and kicked, and struggled, and succeeded in hindering that meeting from being fully held. But what of that? Could it undo the work of thirty years, done in despite of a hundred mobs and the resolute opposition of the respectability in Church and State, whose smiles alone make mobs possible? It still writhes under the pressure of Garrison's foot upon its neck, and must, until it has gone through the discipline necessary to make it a wise and a better—aye, and a richer—State Street, after which, in due time, it will raise a statue to him as its honored benefactor. These passionate explosions are natural and necessary expressions of the hunker heart of the North. For the last ten years, yea eleven since the Seventh of March, the Hunkerdom of the North has been engaged in a constant effort to save the Union. The Abolitionism of the North has been all the time busy in the opposite direction, trying to break it up. Well, we have beaten. The Union is dissolved, in spite of the Hunkers. It is nothing odd that they should rage and imagine strange things. Nobody likes to be *licked*. That is just what they are. Let us be patient with them and let them expend their froth and fury. Better times are at hand, and all the nearer the worse they behave. One thing is certain, the Union is dissolved. Even if the seceding States could be cajoled into coming back again by any quantity of dirt kneaded into humble-pie by the amateur Congress of Cooks assembled this week at Washington, of what use would such a Union be? And how long could it stand the fury of the passions lashed into untold rage ... [illegible] ... No reader of history [illegible] events no student of mankind, can believe that such a Reunion would be anything but a hollow and treacherous truce, preliminary to a more embittered and utterly irreparable rupture.

This being the case, we cordially adopt the suggestion of our new coadjutor. Mr. Bennett, that true statesmanship will accept the accomplished facts and shape public policy accordingly. Let secession, which must follow any resort to the sword, precede it and blunt its edge. Of all insane follies, the most frantic is that which contemplates the forcible subjugation of the seceding States. South Carolina alone can, and will, defy the whole United States in arms. She is now regarded with more genuine respect than any State ever has been, since Massachusetts opened the Revolutionary War at Concord and Bunker's Hill. For a principle—a damnable one, to be sure, but still a principle—she is submitting to heavy taxation, exposing her sons to death, and her material interests to ruin. She laughs to scorn the vaporings of Northern Governors and their bullying offers of men and money. Poor in both as she is, if a resort be had to arms, the United States can never conquer her, though she may conquer the United States. It will be she, not Congress or Cabinet, that will dictate the terms of the peace which shall round the war. Any one State thoroughly in earnest, as she is, is more than a match for all the rest put together. Why not, then, do before the war, what must be done after it is over—acknowledge the independence of the Seceding States, which we trust and believe will include all the slave States, except Delaware, and treat for a fair division of the common property and the common debt? The slave States think that they will be safer and more prosperous without than with us. Let them try the experiment. We are sure that slavery will be no stronger without our support than it is with it, and we believe it cannot long survive the withdrawal of that support. At any rate, we know that the North will be as safe and as prosperous without as with the South, and, we believe, infinitely more so. We shall have an honest Republic to which a man may swear allegiance without blackening his soul, and which he can serve without soiling his fingers. And it may not be too late to stay that moral disorganization which has made the Northern race the just scorn of the slaveholders, and is fast making it the loathing of the civilized world. When dissolution comes, as come it must, we repeat for the twentieth time, the world will see the ancient paradox explained and know how much more the Half is worth than the Whole.

A PROPHECY.

AN impression used to prevail that Abolitionists were mere abstractionists; that their knowledge of the slavery question was confined to its moral aspects; that, taking no part in public affairs, they were not competent to a correct judgment in political matters. This impression does not obtain so extensively of late as was once the case. In fact, many begin to consider it entirely erroneous. Those who were supposed to know the least are in some quarters obtaining credit for being the best informed. Their judgment of men and parties and events has been so frequently and strikingly justified by developments, that unwonted deference begins to be paid to their opinions. And this is but just; for Abolitionists have proved themselves true prophets. Reasoning from cause to effect, and studying the subject in the light of history and philosophy, they have foretold events which have come to pass.

An illustration of this we have before us in a Report of the Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, made in the fall of 1856, during the Fremont and Buchanan contest for the Presidency. The Committee define at length their relation to the cause, to parties, and to the Union; and speaking of the latter subject and the probable election of Mr Buchanan, they hold the following language. Note with what distinctness they foreshadow events which have become matters of history:

"This Union has [illegible] supposed it would [illegible] forming it. Its [illegible] the secret fears wh[illegible] regard to it, and by t[illegible] been relied on to prevent it. The instincts of the people have taught them that slavery and the Union were bound up indissolubly together, and that to lay effective hands upon one was to cut the ligaments of the other. The ablest political philosophers that have ever spoken upon the subject have expressed the belief that the existing Union would be dissevered. The profound and impartial De Tocqueville, than whom no man has ever better comprehended our institutions, saw the signs of approaching dissolution, and expressed his belief that, 'happen what would, the commercial States would remain united,' and would 'one day become the first maritime power on the globe.'

"The universal feeling that now exists in this country is a presage of coming dissolution. Politicians may protest their devotion to the Union, and their followers may say amen; parties may vie with each other in protestations of loyalty, and each may declare that there is no danger of dissolution except from the success of the other; and both may asseverate, as they do, that the Union must and shall be preserved. ... [illegible]

[illegible] public opinion of England. If the Southern planters have supposed that they may well be astonished now, and find themselves betrayed. Ignorant as we are of many things and careless of not a few which should interest us deeply, we are not quite so foolish and guilty as to have regarded American slavery with complacency till its hour of disgrace made it our interest to declare ourselves shocked at it. The British people are better than their great newspaper.

H. M.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, February 4, 1861.

WE are rapidly approaching the crisis of the slavery agitation. The meeting of the Commissioners here to-day, and the proximity of a test vote in Congress on the various compromise measures, give the people of the country full warning that the crisis is at hand. And, from present appearances, it seems to me that the people themselves will have to meet it ere long, and that it will be decided by them. The pressure is so great, so intense, that, in some form or other, this whole matter will be referred to the people, and the battle will be transferred from Congress to the States of the Confederacy. Mr. Seward's speech on Thursday would seem to indicate that he, and enough Republicans to carry the proposition, will, as a last resort, vote to call a National Convention, leaving the entire question with the people. It looks now as if this will be the issue of the conflict in Congress. What the issue will be before the people, it is now hard to tell, but I cannot believe that the free States will agree to protect slavery in the Territories, and put that agreement into the Constitution of the United States. If such should be the verdict of the people, then all anti-slavery Republicans everywhere must join the old school Abolitionists in a grand Disunion party or organization.

You are, of course, opposed to all concessions, or even *appearances of concession* to the slave States. But you will allow those Republicans who support what is called the Adams compromise a hearing. They claim that they make no concession to slavery—that they accord no compromise to the South. They simply bring into the Union, as a State, a region of country where slavery cannot exist, and which they believe will be a free State before Mr. Lincoln's term expires. There is pretty good evidence that their assertions that New Mexico can never be made into a slave State are true, and the entire crew of Secessionists in Congress utterly refuse to listen for a moment to Mr. Adams's proposition. They declare that it is no concession, but rather an insult, and not one Disunionist will vote for it or accept it. Why, then, offer it? The friends of the measure I have alluded to give this reason: because the introduction of New Mexico really takes every possible complaint from the mouths of the slaveholders. We then shall possess no territory south of 36 degrees 30 minutes, and the attempt to dissolve the Union upon the demand for slavery extension in territory not now in the possession of the United States will be so ridiculous as to fail in the end in all the border slave States.

These are the excuses for supporting what is called the New Mexico project. You will value them for what they are worth, and for no more. But one thing is certain, and it is a fact which is exceedingly important in this connection: *the great contest is not to be over the New Mexico bill, but upon the demand of the South for the protection of slavery in all present and prospective territory.* And every member who will vote *for* the Adams proposition will vote *against* this demand, unless I except half a dozen from Pennsylvania and Ohio. The Secessionists will take nothing short of constitutional protection of slavery; upon this issue the Union is to be divided, and this is the question the people will soon have to decide for themselves in National Convention, or in the ordinary elections. Shocking as is the proposition, it is a fact that there is great danger that it will be agreed to by the people of the free States; and such is the danger, that here, however it may be among the people, among the Republican members of Congress there is a great deal of charity for all who will take their stand firmly against any further recognition of slavery in the Constitution. As the battle is to be fought upon this ground, all are welcomed who will make a stand upon it.

The mistake of the free States is in allowing themselves to be alarmed by the secession movement. If a division of the Union were agreed to at once, and *unanimously*, by the free States, there would be no panic, little derangement of business, and the South would instantly be alarmed by the very willingness of the free States to accord secession to the rebels. But in almost every free State the Republicans have had to contend with a foe at their own hearthstones. A true-hearted Illinois member of Congress received letters from home the other day, telling him that in case of disunion there were as violent traitors in Illinois as in South Carolina. The South is a unit, the North divided.

I believe a good many Republicans here now perceive that it was a great mistake to attempt to elect a Republican President on so many issues aside from the great question of slavery extension. In many portions of Pennsylvania Mr. Lincoln was voted for as a tariff man; in most of the free States votes were coaxed out of men for Mr. Lincoln who cared little or nothing for the slavery issue, and who, at the first symptom of trouble, fly back to their old pro-slavery position. The result is, that the anti-slavery policy of the President elect is not sustained by the people in the hour of trial as it should be. If the anti-slavery voters of the free States had everywhere insisted upon the anti-slavery issue as the only one before the country, if they had taken radical ground, and a radical candidate, true enough they might have been defeated at the late election, but when they, in the course of a few years more, had succeeded in thoroughly indoctrinating the people with anti-slavery truths, the anti-slavery sentiment would be so powerful and so thorough in all the North that no crisis, no successful election of an anti-slavery President, no panic, would back down one of the free States. Do you not perceive the principal source of our weakness to-day? *The people* of the free States are not sufficiently anti-slavery, are not intelligent enough respecting the facts of this great controversy. If the people were all right, there would be no danger from a National Convention, for the acts of the Convention must be ratified by two thirds of the States, the Convention itself being first elected *by the people*. But, alas! the people of the free States are ignorant of the true character of this contest, or, if not ignorant, are so debauched that they prefer ignominious slavery and Southern trade, rather than freedom and independence, if it cost them a pecuniary sacrifice.

In the debate which occurred a few days since between Senators Seward and Mason, one or two things leaked out which should not be overlooked. Mason, representing a border slave State, and claiming that his aim is a reconstruction of the Union, sneered at Seward's conciliatory talk, and actually foamed at the mouth at Seward's hint of eventual coercion. "We will offer compromises," said Seward, "we will negotiate for the Union; but, if that fails, as a last resort we will fight for it." Fact No. 1—Seward goes in for a compromise by this Congress, and, if that work be too difficult, then he is for a National Convention. Fact No. 2—Seward goes in for a war with the Seceders, if nothing else will bring them to terms. Fact No. 3—Mason does not want a compromise such as even a half way Republican dare offer, but does want a Southern Confederacy. Fact No. 4—even Mason, generally so opposed to warfare, expects this difficulty to eventuate in civil war, and talks about "measuring swords" with the North.

The running debate between these gentlemen somewhat astonished certain Northern Democrats in the Senate, and certain other Democrats *out* of the Senate. A large class of Democrats have been falling into the "no coercion" policy, with the idea that the secession movement is merely a cover for reconstruction on the basis of an utterly pro-slavery Constitution. So these traitorous rascals have secretly helped on the secession movement, feeling certain that the people of the free States must first *be thoroughly scared* before they will renounce their anti-slavery ideas. This debate has opened the eyes of many of these gentlemen, and they now see that if the Union is once dissolved, it is going to be almost if not quite impossible to reconstruct it. In this trap the miserable Democracy of the North will yet be caught, unless the people will consent to give to the slave States such monstrous concessions as will completely satisfy them, South Carolina included.

I believe that the present Congress would, by a two-thirds vote, agree to submit the Crittenden amendments to the people, if it were certain that that would settle the slavery question forever. A majority, yes, two thirds of this Congress *may be* knaves, but two thirds are not fools. They perceive that this Crittenden compromise, if put into the middle of the Constitution, would not put down the anti-slavery agitation, would not crush the Northern conscience. The North would rally in a few months, stronger than ever, and if it could not cry, "No more *slave* territory," it would cry, "*No more territory.*" For the slave-masters give up New Mexico to freedom; they acknowledge that they have no hope of making permanent slave States out of our present territory. Their hope lies in the future acquisition of territory. The anti-slavery voters of the free States would instantly rally upon this issue—no more territory for slavery! Fix it up any way, no matter how infamously, and there would still remain the remedy for the free States which the slave States are now testing—that of disunion. It is this impossibility of either satisfying the Seceders, or crushing out the anti-slavery sentiment of the North, which will prevent any serious concessions to the South. It is possible that Congress may be so panic-struck as to send something to the people; but if the people can have time to look at the question with calmness, the game of compromise, like that of reconstruction, will be destroyed.

No one seems to know, as yet, how far Mr. Seward will go. Most people in Washington believe that he is toying with slavery, that he is only playing for time, and that at heart he is as determinedly as ever bent on the destruction of slavery. If he means compromise, why does not he indicate a plan? The idea of a National Convention may be simply to give time for the Secession fever to abate. If he is for real concessions to the slaveholders, it is time he made his offer, or it will be too late, and he will tumble to the ground *hissed* and scorned alike of North and South.

AVON.

Our Boston Correspondence.

Confessions from Boston by an Ordinary Man.

NO. 1.

THE SUMMARY—Nonentities multiplied—The calling of his Colleague—Committees as they ought to be—The Poet's Pledge—A Song for the Senator.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

BOSTON, Feb. 4, 1861.

In these days of enlightened criticism, when Homer, like Cerberus, turns out to be several gentlemen at once, it is certainly too bad that the Immortal Song from Boston, which has sung itself these many years in THE STANDARD, should cease to be audible, from the absence, or clerical bronchitis, of any particular performer. Indeed, it is considered in these parts matter for serious congratulation, that the flock of our absent brother have at length selected a colleague whom they deem worthy to take charge of his pastorate till he return among us—nay, even to relieve him with an afternoon discourse, or monthly catechism, after that blessed period.

And here, let it be observed, that in these days, when the newspaper has notoriously usurped the functions of the pulpit, it seems hardly in order that a man should be forced to preach his own ordination sermon. Surely, some form of induction to office by those already in the craft, would be impressive to both minister and people. Imagine the solemnity of the programme: Right Hand of Fellowship, by Brother Everett of *The Ledger*; the Charge, by Elder Lunt of *The Courier*; "Lord Dismiss Us," by the entire assembly, etc., etc. It would be as desirable as the proving of a gun, showing by actual experiment how much the congregation *could* stand. Well, until matters are mended in this regard, I suppose the successful candidate must define his position and present references in person.

They used to say of Weimer, that it contained 10,000 poets and a few inhabitants. Now, after a careful study of the daily papers, a conscientious perusal of obituary notices, and a fervent devotion to reports of speeches at all public dinners, I have come to the gratifying conclusion that Boston contains 100,000 or more poets, philanthropists, inventors and acrobats, all illustrious in their several distinctions and—an ordinary man. Of course you perceive the beautiful paradox by which the only ordinary man in town must, on that very account, become the only extraordinary one. His views of men and things must of necessity be seen from a unique stand-point. Apparently cast in the humblest character of the life-drama, he is all the while performing a star part without suspecting it. Is it not the duty of such a one to awake, as soon as may be, to the dignity of a mission, and to communicate the treasures of his strange experience? The decided affirmation with which certain deacons of your Society have received this question occasions the inaugural address now in process of delivery.

My notion of the duties of Occasional Correspondent may as well be put upon record. They are by no means coincident with those assigned to the Regular Correspondent of all reputable journals. The Occasional shall not bind himself to embody the average prejudices of the community, or to consort with loafers in order to report their talk. Neither is he expected to come in puffing and blowing, a week after the telegraph, with the rubbish of information which the lightning didn't think worth carrying. I make no promises about the "latest intelligence"; but I will now and then tear out the bowels of a book for you, or perhaps attend some respectable muster or revival in your behalf. Above all, I can assure you that my testimony will never be tinged with that deplorable fanaticism which I have reason to believe has already cost your journal several subscribers. I favor a stringent Fugitive Slave law, that shall restore the Republican leaders to their Southern proprietors with all possible dispatch, believing the poor fellows totally incapable of freedom in thought or speech.

I have not yet noticed your suggestion that I should endeavor to engage a poet to write a dismission hymn to my occasional services. This has really caused me much embarrassment, for, notwithstanding the liberal compensation you authorized me to offer, I can find no one who is not doubtful whether it would pay in the long run. When well nigh in despair, however, I persuaded a fellow into making what he calls a "temporary arrangement." That is to say, he will hold himself entirely at liberty to shut off your supply of Helicon (nay, perchance, to send a very different fluid in your direction) the instant he receives the lucrative appointment of Grand Commissioner of Sewerage, which his friends are endeavoring to obtain for him, with good prospect of success. I demurred a little at engaging him on these terms, but I am assured it is the regular thing and indorsed by the highest authorities in the profession. Here is the view he at present takes of the truly national position of your distinguished Senator.

THE SECRETARY'S RETREAT.

What! vote to loose Orion's band?
To angle on with line and rod
For the leviathan? 'Tis God
Strikes with divorce this guilty land.
And do you hope again to join
What honest growth has thrust apart,
By a faint hustling through the mart,
By the old ringing of a coin?

Men thought you played with loaded dice,
That peace and place were sure to win,
And buy a people from their sin,
And cheat God of his dearer price!
And now, what statesmen could not save,
Though faith and manhood both were sold,
You would revive by dust of gold,
Tossed lightly on a wasted grave.

You led us on to Freedom's verge;
But, shrinking there, you failed to learn
What riper life the nations earn
First bears the sackcloth, and the scourge.
And so our Moses, called to push
The way through bondage, would command
The plague of darkness on the land,
Because he fears the Burning Bush!

Farewell! thy course is little worth,
Drift ever with the changing tide;
But truer hearts than thine abide
To labor, till our vital North
Shall rise like Israel of yore,
And, leaving Egypt's curse behind,
Go out, a distant peace to find,
Though God in darkness moves before.

V**.

THE TRUTH.—The Washington correspondent of *The World* speaks truth, as follows: "The practical advantage which the South has over the North in the present controversy is, that while the North religiously believes all the South says in reference to her future intentions, the South puts no sort of faith in any Northern declaration of willingness either to compromise or fight. The explanation of this credulity on the one side, and incredulity on the other, is obvious. What the South says she will do she does at once, promptly and decisively while the North keeps saying she will do something and don't do it. She keeps all the time vacillating between compromises and coercion, while the golden opportunity of either is passing away."

WESTERN OPERATIONS.

LETTERS FROM PARKER PILLSBURY.

[illegible], Ill., Jan. [illegible]

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

OUR Convention at Sterling, in this State, was in every way a successful one, in respect to the speakers, the resolutions, and the unanimity with which they were adopted; and the evening sessions were well attended.

We commenced on Saturday afternoon, and held five sessions. It was expected that we should close on Sunday evening; but the interest was such, that another meeting seemed a necessity; and so we adjourned to Monday, and even then the evening seemed too short. The following were among the resolutions adopted:

Resolved, That in the present distractions and anarchy of American politics and parties, we see the fatal and inevitable result of attempting to found a government on concession and compromise, at the sacrifice of justice, liberty, and the Higher Law.

Resolved, That now is the time (it may be the last) for the North to absolve itself forever from such an [illegible] confederation; and while the slave States are rushing from the Union, and demanding still more outrageous concessions and guarantees to slavery than ever [illegible], they should be taken at their word, and the present Confederacy ended, never more to be reconstructed, except on condition of *immediate* [illegible] of every slave; and if the consequence should be the re-enactment of the scenes of St. Domingo on every plantation in the South, there would at least be a [illegible] where liberty and the oppressed people of all nations could find an asylum and a home.

Resolved, That we have sent no Senators or Representatives to Congress to pledge us to the repeal of "Personal Liberty bills" in any of the States and much less, to the execution of the present infamous Fugitive Slave law, or to make any concessions whatever to the Slave Power; and we hereby assure not only Congress, but the South more especially, that we will never execute any Fugitive Slave law. And [illegible] uprising for freedom among the slaves, we will [illegible] and honor their chieftains as other Washingtons and Garibaldis, and will pray and labor for their success, in the same spirit, if not by the same measures, of Gen. Lafayette, of the former, and of Capt. John Brown, of the latter Revolution.

Resolved, That the black laws of Illinois, which impose upon the colored population taxation without representation by denying them the right of suffrage, and of the enjoyment of schools which their own money supports, compelling obedience to, and punishing the violation of laws, in the making of which they have no voice; forbidding them to sit on juries, or even to testify in courts, among other proscriptions equally cruel and unjust—were all placed on our statute book at the dictation of the Slave Power as safeguards to the infernal system of chattelizing humanity, and are a disgrace to the State, and to civilization generally, and should be at once and for ever repealed.

Resolved, That the churches of the slave States that permit members, and even ministers, to breed, buy, sell or hold human beings in chattel bondage, denying them the Bible and all other books, trampling down marriage, and herding them in beastly prostitution, are the synagogues and emissaries of Satan; and any Northern Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, Congregationalist, or other denomination, that fellowships such as *Christians*, is an accomplice in their crimes and abominations, and should be alike shunned as the worst foes of a pure and undefiled religion.

The discussions were able, and the interest appeared to increase to the last moment. Among the speakers were our old friend A. J. Grover, Mr. Edwin R. Brown and D. H. Morgan, Esq., of Wisconsin. The most radical sentiments were most loudly applauded. This was true, however, only as to the state and parties. The Church cannot bear criticism so patiently as the world; any more West than East. Were she out of the way, I think slavery would now soon disappear. Indeed, but for her, and her ministry, it would long ago have been among the dead demons that have been slain by the power of truth. Here, in the nation tottering on the verge of absolute ruin, its high-handed, heaven-daring sins and crimes and cruelties, the only cause! And where, in such an hour, is the Church, three millions strong, led by her forty thousand consecrated priests? Among the politicians and Congressmen there are myriads—from the Sewards, Sumners and Wades, to the Washburns, Tappans, Gov. Andrews, and hosts of others, who make tyrants tremble with their *voices* as well as votes. But who among them ever curses or cares for the pulpits of the country? With the exception of a score, or less, of our forty thousand solemnly pretentious "priests and prophets of the Lord," as they claim to be, the South knows and cares as little for them as for so many field mice beneath the wheat stacks of the prairies. And the religious press, too, is only endeavoring "to save its own paltry BACON" by copyrighting sensation sermons to guard the people against the infidelity of *The Liberator* and the heresies of Theodore Parker.

But no matter. The priesthood can do but little more harm. Our politics are better than the preaching, and infidelity (so called) is superseding religion; and the world is already "the better for it"!

PARKER PILLSBURY.

CONVENTION IN MICHIGAN.

ANN ARBOR, Mich., January 31, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW YORK and New England have set the West a bad example, and now we, too, are mobbed to save and honor the glorious Union. We will keep it a little secret among ourselves, but some Abolitionists do begin to fear that we are likely to fare worse at the hands of a Republican administration than ever before.

I have had a few growls and grins from His Mobocratic Majesty during the winter, though they were perfectly harmless. But last Saturday, Mrs. Griffing met me here, and, in company with our friend G. B. Stebbins, we proposed to hold an Anti-Slavery Convention, as previously appointed. No place in which to meet could be had, except the Free House erected a few years since by the Progressive Friends, our late inestimable coadjutor, Mr. Richard Glazier, and family, being the chief contributors. Through fears of a mob and its destructive consequences, every commodious house and hall was shut. And the event showed how well the character of the town is understood and appreciated by the proprietors of the public buildings, and which governs—the mob, or the Mayor and Marshals!

Not until Sunday were we able to get possession, so as to organize the Convention. The rioters took and held entire possession of the house, and, of course, had everything their own way, even to passing resolutions of salvation to their glorious Union; to which, considering the saviors and saved, I did not object. The greatest demonstration was on Saturday evening, when we attempted to take our business into our own hands. The University students were present in large numbers. They are a power in the town, numbering, as they do, nearly eight hundred. But of the hundreds present, it is doubtful whether a majority were not on the side of fair and honorable discussion. Indeed, we have since had the best of assurance that a large majority of the whole University, though differing essentially in many things from the Abolitionists, were yet shocked and outraged at the atrocities which quite a number of their companions aided and instigated.

No house was ever more crowded than was ours. And, though I have seen many mobs, I never saw a worse than that. The house was one of those clean, plain Quaker structures, when we entered, such as that denomination ever delight in and have always builded. But when we left it, scarcely a seat was standing unbroken; and the windows, many of them, were demolished, the sashes as well as the glass. Several attempts were made to overturn the stove, in the hope, doubtless, of firing the house. The floor was besmeared and defiled with tobacco, in depths indescribable. The screeches and howlings were an oratorio for demons. The breath and steam from some of the whiskey and lager simmered sons of Erin, who had come to aid the University students, store clerks, lawyers and others, in saving the Union, was most intolerable. But our friends assure us that most of their Irish population are far above such things. The newspapers tell of "some bones broken" in the *melée*, but I have no other assurance that it was so. An officer or two came in and contended awhile, but no one knew for what purpose. I thought they only made matters worse.

One of our friends was badly beaten and kicked in the face, and one or two others brought away slight wounds. Probably our peace principles, or, at least, peace *practice*, alone saved us from serious harm, if not from death.

To several young men of the University we were deeply indebted for such expressions of sympathy and approval of our course, as tended to hold the rioters greatly in check. And even some Democrats stood firmly by us, declaring our right of free speech must and should be maintained.

But my story grows too long. I think the town generally is heartily ashamed and mortified at the outrages thus perpetrated in and upon a humble meeting-house, erected mainly by one recently removed by death, but who, while he lived was universally respected, and, when he died, was buried amid a general grief in which the best of all classes and parties shared.

On Sunday, in our ruined house, we had a most excellent meeting, the proceedings of which may come to you for publication.

Our work is not yet done. Our "martyr age" may be yet before us. But, as Lord Nelson said at the battle of Trafalgar, "*This is too hot work to last long.*"

PARKER PILLSBURY.

MOB RULE AT SYRACUSE.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

FRIEND JOHNSON: You will have seen by telegram that Syracuse, too, has quailed in this hour, and proven herself, like so many of her sister cities of late, but the abject creature and supple tool of the Slave Power. A drunken, howling mob seized the Hall hired for the use of the Anti-Slavery Convention, Tuesday 29th, and forcibly prevented any organization there by the friends of freedom. It was a motley gathering, in which various classes and professions in our "society" were represented. There were grogshop soakers and bruisers in great supply, "Vinegar Hill" roughs, salt boilers and other laborers from the shoe and such like manufacturing establishments of the city, all well stirred for the occasion, with Union harangues and strychnine whiskey. And so on, up or down as the case may be, to dry goods merchants, grocers, liquor dealers, and lawyers; rowdies and bullies in ruffles, and rowdies and bullies in rags. Such a collection of countenances as the mass of that crowd presented, I dare presume you never saw even in your own somewhat populous and occasionally riotous town; such clear indication of the low, sunken, stolid and merely animal condition, such mental limitation, besotment, and roused savage desperateness as looked out from so many, many faces. Every observant, [illegible] citizen was astonished—one would scarcely have supposed that all the kennels of all the world could in united effort have poured together such a mass of stolidity and brutality.

Before the hour appointed for the Convention, this rabble organized, appointed their Chairman, D. A. Orcutt, Attorney at Law (whose unsteadiness and tremors of muscle on the platform indicated not the fullest self-possession), received the customary harangue of bravado and swagger, and were pronounced ready for business. Mr. May rose and attempted to speak, but was instantly howled down; Rev. M. E. Strieby, not himself a Disunion Abolitionist, but standing friendly to free speech, attempted to speak but was persistently howled down, and H. L. Green of Cortland, announcing himself a Republican, endeavored to get the ear of this "Convention," but with no better success than his predecessors. A string of resolutions, however, burning incense to the "Union" and the "Rights of our Southern brethren," and insolent and defiant as their authors knew how to make them towards the Abolitionists, was read, and a written harangue of the same sort delivered. Riot had everything its own way, making the hall a very scene of the uproars of Pandemonium itself; the city government, notwithstanding the solemn promise of the Mayor beforehand that he would protect the Convention, as far as in his power, offered no interference—the chief of the police even coming in and congratulating his "fellow-citizens" on the good order they were maintaining; and the friends of the slave for most part withdrew.

Doctor Pease proffered the use of his parlors for the Convention, and such friends as received the notice gathered there. After free consultation, it was agreed to organize formally in the evening. At this (the evening) session, Samuel J. May in the chair, a series of resolutions, which I herewith enclose, was offered and unanimously adopted. Messrs. Green, Powell and others spoke with singular clearness and marked effect; it was a good meeting, rich in baptismal quickening influences. During this time the mob stood congregated in the street, in front of Convention Hall, making the night hideous with their yells and threats, and there was apprehension that the house in which we were assembled would be assailed; no attempt at that, however, was made.

The next morning, Wednesday the 30th, a number of the citizens, chiefly Republicans, minded not to surrender all to mob dictation, and believing there was still protection for free speech in the city authorities, attempted in Convention Hall a meeting for its vindication. Rev. M. E. Strieby was appointed to the Chair; a resolution affirming the sacred and guaranteed right of freedom of speech was offered, and the names who had come hither from abroad to address the Anti-Slavery Convention were formally invited to come in and speak upon the resolution. Friend Powell took the platform, and proceeded perhaps half an hour, when the rowdies interrupted, howled down the speaker, overrode the Chair, and finally broke forth into a furious row. The mob was in full force, and seemed even more demoniac and malignantly desperate than before. The scene of uproar, clamor and initiated violence beggars description. At one time it seemed as if the stage would be swept, and every friend of free speech upon it pitched off headlong, the rabble, which now filled nearly the entire body of the room, rising simultaneously, and surging towards the platform with the demoniac yell, "Put him out," "Put him out." It was, perhaps, the coolness and unbroken self-possession which, from those foremost on the platform, met and looked this in the face, that saved us from the unbridled onslaught.

The mob was apparently well organized and officered, every move made in concert and on signal. The entire appearance was that of characters thoroughly desperate, and ready to proceed to any extremity. The police stood in the aisles, but made scarcely a show of any interference. They were manifestly, so far at least as the Chief was concerned, at one with the mob. In the general *melée* and brawl which after a time set in, the friends of free speech escaped from the hall, fortunately without any personal injury.

The success of this onslaught of diabolism and ferocity, which swept and raged at will over this city for the space of two days unresisted, was fitly celebrated on Wednesday evening, by a grand triumphal procession and jollification of brutality and shame, such as demons alone know how to enact. The horrid, revolting, and unutterably infamous orgies, the account of which as given in *The Daily Journal* here I enclose, were done broadly in face of the whole city, on its very most public square. I trust you will publish this account in full. Syracuse stands alone in her place on the record of infamy. She is unapproached of any other city, certainly any Northern city, in her attempt at self-prostitution, debauchery, and blatant proclamation of her shame. Pass her round, that the world may know her for what she is.

For days previous to the holding of this Convention, ominous intimations were dropped from respectable quarters in the ear of one and another anti-slavery man here, of a prospective disturbance; numerous solicitations were urged, especially upon Mr. May, for the postponement of the Convention, in consideration of the peculiar circumstances of the time. None, however, expressed any apprehension that free speech in Syracuse, even at this juncture, could not or would not be protected; on the contrary, the judgment was recorded, and that in high official quarters, that it might and should be. Of course none of the friends here had any authority to withdraw the appointment, had they been so disposed, which some at least were not, deeming it best that the trial be made.

On Monday, the 28th, a letter enclosed by Mayor Westcott to Samuel J. May, was received by the latter, bearing the signature of twenty names, almost all Republicans, and from among the oldest and most prominent citizens, such as John Wilkinson, Elias W. Leavenworth, Lyman Clary, etc., deprecating in strong terms the holding of the Convention, volunteering, in the generosity of their friendship and the steadiness of their faith in principle, the assurance that it could do no good at this time, but making declaration that, if still it should be deemed best to hold it, their "duties as citizens" would require them "to aid in extending protection" to it. Well, on the day of the outbreak that trampled the Convention and all free speech under foot, not one of the twenty, so far as appears, came near the Hall, or interposed in any mode or manner against the riot. Their prompt presence at the spot might, perhaps, have prevented the outrage; at least it would have shown some measure of regard for their solemn and freely proffered pledge. "And they all forsook him and fled."

Our fair city is disgraced and covered with an indelible shame. A dark cloud hangs over it, and everything looks other than it did. One feels in walking through the streets that the whole city has laid itself down in terrible brothel debauch, and is henceforth polluted; every block, shop and store seems touched with the leprous defilement.

The citizens, with few exceptions, seem ready to succumb to this state of things, not essaying a single word of public disavowal or rebuke. The general mind is stultified and debauched, the demoralization is universal; there is no spirit or spunk to stand up in vindication and maintenance of the most elemental and vital rights. It seems admitted and confessed that we have no government; that what passes under that name with us is but semblance, an illusion and a mockery. Any attempt to resist and overthrow this rule of passion and drunken violence, it is gravely hinted, would issue in failure; an indignation meeting, called of the citizens, it is thought, would be sure to be inundated, overrun and swallowed up of rowdyism. The dominant Republican party here dare take no stand in the matter, since to do so would involve the loss of the votes through which they have their majority. This community is to-day just as really, though not as utterly and recognizedly, at the feet and at the mercy of mob rule as is Charleston itself. The mob does not yet know its power; but how long will it take it to learn?

When will the day of redemption and deliverance come? Not instantly or soon. Not until there be general, earnest endeavor to return to sobriety and faithful, manly living; not until the witchcrafts and sorceries, baptized or unbaptized, that prevail all abroad, the jugglers done in the name of religion and the jugglers done in the name of politics, of civil government and of social order, are exposed, renounced, and thoroughly broken up.

M.

Syracuse, January 31, 1861.

A LETTER FROM INDIANA.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THIS Congressional District seems to be represented in Congress by Hon. G. W. Julian, a genuine anti-slavery man, has long been known in political parlance, by the sobriquet "Burnt District." It was settled in early times by Quakers, chiefly from North Carolina, who, imparting their hatred of slavery to the people, have always exercised a controlling or modifying influence on our politics. But this influence is considerably diluted in other parts of the State. Just now, the all-absorbing topic is secession, and upon this theme, public sentiment is various and wavering. Many of our political leaders, who, a few years ago, led the rabble in their egging expeditions against anti-slavery meetings, and thought no epithet abusive enough to hurl against abolitionism, and who run themselves into office by embracing the sentiment when it became popular, now find themselves either going back to their first love, or exceedingly weak in the spinal column. Some of them have already declared themselves in favor of the Corwin Compromise plan, and others, more cautious, are waiting to gain time, determined to be on the popular side, regardless of principle. Indeed, there seems to be no standard of right or wrong with the majority of our politicians. Even Ex-Governor Hammond, in his valedictory, repudiates the idea that morality and religion should go hand in hand with politics. Judging from the previous career of our new Lieut.-Governor, who is now our Governor, Mr. Lane having been elected United States Senator, we cannot hope that politics will receive any very great elevation during his gubernatorial administration. He is a time-serving politician, and is always looking to his own political advancement. Garrisonian abolitionism has never found a home here. I have never seen one person who lived here who could stand on his morally high toned platform. There may be some, but I assure you their name is not "legion." "No union with slaveholders" is a motto that waits to be shouted by the next generation, from a higher mountain peak than this has attained. Indeed, the Chicago platform is considered by many Republicans as being too radical, taking too high a stand in regard to slavery, and it was a long stride for them to step up to its level to vote; and now they are weak and tremulous at the prospect before them. "Preserve the Union" is the cry, and I doubt not but Indiana will give "aid and comfort" to some disgraceful compromise. I ought in justice to say, that the sentiment of the people of this district is almost a unit against compromises of any kind. The majority of them are ready, in case the Republican standard is lowered or disgraced by men in authority, to join the Gerrit Smith party, upon the basis that "*Slavery can nowhere have a legal existence.*" For my own part, I do not believe that slavery can have a legal existence anywhere. Certainly it cannot, if man's laws are based upon God's higher laws. No power of prescription, no Congressional or State legislation can make it right to hold as slaves four millions of human beings who have a God-given birthright to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." The people of Indiana, especially the Republican portion of them, are looking earnestly to the incoming administration as the great restorative of peace and union. Never before had a President so great an opportunity of becoming the benefactor of his country, and embalming his memory in the affections of all true people. Will Lincoln prove himself one of God's noblest works—a true man? Will he stand firm against all dishonorable compromises and concessions? A few days will tell us the best and the worst. Till then adieu.

JEANNIE G. KINLEY.

New Castle, Indiana, Feb. 1861.

PENNSYLVANIA POLITICS.

THE proposition to appoint Commissioners to the Border States Convention, now in session at Washington, met with a good deal of opposition in the Pennsylvania Legislature. It was resisted by Messrs. Irish, Penney and Landor and three others in the Senate, and by Thos. Williams, sustained by twelve of his fellow-members, in the House. The call for the Convention, it was argued, ought not to be responded to in the manner proposed. It came from a suspicious source: it was made in the interests of slavery; John Tyler's agency in the matter looked suspicious; it was a trap; the Greeks were to be feared, even when bearing gifts; it would add to the complications already existing; it would be another wheel within a wheel; it would be a new tribunal: to multiply remedies is to aggravate the disease; these were all devices to cheat freedom out of its fairly earned victory and perpetuate the interests of slavery, etc., etc.

But the proposition prevailed, and Wm. M. Meredith, David Wilmot, James Pollock, and four others, all respectable and able men, were appointed Commissioners. Under ordinary circumstances, one would say that the interests of freedom and the honor of the State as against the extension of slavery and all Pennsylvania humiliation, were safe in such men's hands; but how it will be when these gentlemen come to be subjected to the sorcerous influences now prevalent at the Federal capital can only be determined by the result.

Nothing yet has been done in the Legislature in the way of repealing obnoxious sections of the Anti-Kidnapping law. Memorials against repeal and for a better law have been presented in behalf of the "Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society," the "Female Anti-Slavery Society," the "Banneker Association," the "Social and Statistical Association of Colored People," and the "Junior Anti-Slavery Society." The argument of Mr. Gordon, of Jefferson, against repeal, when the subject was up, was conclusive, and contrasted favorably with the plea he subsequently offered for the appointment of Commissioners—which was not conclusive.

A Philadelphia State Senator was heard the other day at a Baltimore hotel to say, "I am called a Black Republican at home, but nevertheless I should like to be the owner of a hundred negroes." This was meant to conciliate favor, but the gentleman who relates the circumstance, and who was present at the time, says it produced the opposite effect; as, of course, it would.

THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY.—The Boston correspondent of the London *Inquirer*, the exponent of British Unitarianism, writing of current events in this country (and writing sensibly, too, for the most part), describes the speech of Wendell Phillips on the Mob of Dec 3d, delivered in Music Hall, soon after that disgraceful event, as "abusive and bitter in manner, not only on the subject of slavery, but in respect to officials and public men." The editor of *The Inquirer*, in a foot note to this remark of his correspondent, expresses his own opinion in these emphatic terms:

"We have just read a *verbatim* report of Mr. Wendell Phillips's speech, delivered to the congregation of the late Theodore Parker, and we feel bound to express our own decided opinion that not a single word or epithet was stronger than the occasion demanded. When the right of free speech is menaced by a pro-slavery mob, aided by the sympathy of official persons, [illegible] becomes a sacred duty."

We thank *The Inquirer* for this testimony. It is to be lamented that some very sincere friends of liberty cannot deliver themselves from the notion that a reformer should always offer the truth in the [illegible], and that a bold and truthful handling of wrongs is to be condemned as "abusive and bitter."

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

WE observe that the Rev. Henry J. Van Dyke, the defender of slavery from the Scriptures (see extracts from his sermon in THE STANDARD of Jan. 1[illegible]), was among the chosen speakers before the New York Bible Society two weeks ago. The invitation was, doubtless, intended as a special compliment to him for his recent attempt to show that the Bible is the charter of bondage, that Jesus and the Apostles set forth a religion that sanctions the traffic in human flesh, the working of men without wages, the dooming of a race to ignorance and degradation, and the breeding of human beings for sale like calves and pigs! Only think of it. Dr. Cheever, by denouncing slavery from the Word of God as a sin, brings upon his head a storm of persecution, from both the world and the Church, which compels him to seek in Great Britain the means of sustaining himself in his pulpit; while Dr. Van Dyke, for justifying slavery out of the Scriptures, and denouncing abolitionism as a sin, is greeted with fresh tokens of public applause! Are not these facts, standing over against each other, quite sufficient to settle the character of what is popularly regarded in this city as Christianity, and of the bodies which claim to be Churches of Christ? And yet we are told by the Rev. Mr. White, who occupies the pulpit of the Church of the Puritans in Dr. Cheever's absence, that the Churches which sustain such a ministry as that of Dr. Van Dyke, and lend their support to slavery, are "Churches of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth." We protest against this as giving to Belial the honors due to Christ, as calling evil good, and virtually giving up the whole argument against slavery.

NO SLAVE-HUNTING IN THE EMPIRE STATE.

THE time has arrived when the friends of freedom in the Empire State are called upon to make a new and vigorous effort to procure the enactment of a statute that shall interpose an effectual barrier to the incursions of the Southern slave-hunter upon their soil. It is the more important that this effort should be made now, in view of the insolent demands of the Slave Oligarchy for the repeal of the Personal Liberty laws of other States, and of the disposition evinced by weak-kneed and weak-backed Republicans to offer the required sacrifice, in the hope of thereby smoothing their way to offices long coveted and now almost within reach. These Republican doughfaces must be made to understand that they cannot, with safety even to their own interest, trifle with the earnest, heartfelt anti-slavery sentiment of the North; and there is no better way of enforcing this lesson than by a general uprising of the people to demand the enactment of new safeguards against slave-hunting.

We subjoin a form of petition which we wish might, within the next six weeks, be presented to the members of every household in the Empire State. We are confident that, if proper efforts are made, ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND signatures may be very easily obtained.

PETITION.

To the Honorable Senate and Assembly of the State of New York:

The undersigned, citizens of —— State of New York, respectfully ask you to put an end to SLAVE-HUNTING, in New York, by enacting that no person, who has been held as a slave, shall be delivered up, by any officer or court, State or Federal, within this State, to any one claiming him on the ground that he owes "service or labor" to such claimant, by the laws of one of the slave States of this Union.

Orders for blank Petitions, Tracts for gratuitous distribution, also letters relative to lectures, and those containing contributions to the cause, should be addressed to the General Agent, Lydia Mott, Anti-Slavery Office, Albany, N. Y.

"Thou shalt NOT deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee. *He shall dwell with thee*, even among you in that place which he shall choose in one of thy gates, WHERE IT LIKETH HIM BEST: *thou shalt not oppress him.*"—DEUT. xxiii., 15, 16.

Send up long lists of signatures early in January addressed to some reliable member of the Legislature or to Lydia Mott, Anti-Slavery Office, Albany, N. Y.

THE UNION THE SUPPORT OF SLAVERY.—Mr. Clemens, who represents the Panhandle District of Virginia, lying on the Ohio river, made an anti-secession speech in the House a few days since, in which he said: "Before God, and in my inmost conscience, I believe that SLAVERY WILL BE CRUCIFIED, should this unhappy controversy end in a dismemberment of the Union. If not crucified, it will carry *the death rattle in its throat*." The notorious Parson Brownlow also thinks that disunion will make an end of slavery. He says: "This whole scheme of disunion, is a more consummate abolition contrivance than ever was devised by the North, by the most ultra anti-slavery men, and will work the greatest mischief to the slave population of the country. *It will bring about the overthrow of slavery, one hundred years sooner than the Republican party could have done it.*" Many other slaveholders have expressed the same opinion. Why, then, should not Abolitionists rejoice to see the Union going to pieces?

TRYING THE BOOT ON T'OTHER LEG.—In the Pennsylvania Legislature, a few days since, the Crittenden Compromise being under consideration, Mr. Hollins proposed amendments, as follows: That free negroes who are seamen and arrested in the South, be paid ten dollars per day for their detention. That persons who are tarred and feathered in the South shall receive $1,000. That persons who have their heads shaved, and are otherwise maltreated, shall receive $3,000. That the families of men who are hung by Lynch law in the South shall receive $20,000. These propositions, it is said were "laughed down!" But has not the North far better reasons for demanding such guaranties of the South than the South has for asking concessions in favor of slavery? Is there no such thing as Northern pluck?

OBITUARY.

DIED, in this city, on Thursday, January 2d, suddenly, of disease of the heart, J. MORTIMER HALL, aged 38 years and 14 days.

This sad record only met our eye within the last week. We have known Mr. Hall, since 1853, as an earnest and devoted friend of the slave, an intelligent and true-hearted man, and it pains us, as we know it will such of our readers as knew his great worth, to hear of his early and sudden removal from his family and kindred, and from the ways of usefulness in which he was ever a joyous and faithful laborer. His bereaved wife and fatherless babes have our heartfelt sympathy.

Special Notices.

The Annual meeting of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society will be held on Fifth-day afternoon, the 14th inst., at 3½ o'clock, at Concord Hall, northwest corner of Arch and Tenth streets.

A stated meeting of the Clarkson Anti-Slavery Society will be held at Doe Run meeting-house, on Saturday, the 23d of February, at one o'clock, p.m.

ESTHER KENT, Sec'y.

A meeting of the Philadelphia Junior Anti-Slavery Society will be held at Clarkson Hall on Saturday evening, 16th inst., at [illegible] o'clock. Several interesting speakers will be in attendance.

By order of Executive Committee.

JOSHUA PRINCE, Chairman.

Advertisements.

PORTRAIT OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.—A most faithful and spirited portrait of Mr. Phillips has just been finished by Thomas M. Johnston. It is pronounced by the most intimate friends of Mr. P. the very best picture which has ever been made of him, and in every respect a complete success. This fine picture is to be drawn on stone by the best artist in the United States, when copies will be furnished to order at One Dollar each. Address, [illegible], 222 Washington street, Boston.

SELF-CONTRADICTIONS OF THE BIBLE.—144 propositions, theological, moral, historical and speculative, each proved affirmatively and negatively, by quotations from Scripture, without comment; embodying most of the palpable and striking self-contradictions of the so-called inspired Word of God. Fourth edition. Price 15 cents, post-paid. 8 for $1. Sold by all liberal booksellers and by the publishers, A. J. DAVIS & Co., 274 Canal street, New York.

GERRIT SMITH: RELIGION OF REASON. No. 4. THE ONE TEST OF CHARACTER.—"Wherefore by their Fruits ye shall know them." Now Ready. Price Five Cents. For sale by ROSS & TOUSEY, 121 Nassau Street, New York.

THE STANDARD.

MR. PUNCH ON SECESSION.

SECEDE, ye Southern States, secede,
  No better plan could be,
If you of niggers would be freed,
  To set your niggers free.
Runaway slaves by Federal law
  At present you reclaim;
So from the Union straight withdraw,
  And play the Free Soil game.

What, when you've once the knot untied,
  Will bind the Northern men?
And who'll resign to your cowhide
  The fugitives again?
Absquatulate, then, slick as grease,
  And break up Unity,
Or take your *President* in peace,
  And eat your humble pie.

But if your stomachs proud disdain
  That salutary meal,
And you, in passion worse than vain,
  Must rend the Commonweal,
Then all mankind will jest and scoff
  At people in the case
Of him that hastily cut off
  His nose to spite his face.

—*Punch, January* 12.

THE PERSONAL LIBERTY LAW.

WENDELL PHILLIPS AGAINST ITS REPEAL.

From The Boston Atlas and Bee, January 30.

THE Joint Special Committee of the Legislature on the Personal Liberty law gave an adjourned hearing in the Representatives' Hall, at the State House, yesterday forenoon. Wendell Phillips, Esq., addressed the Committee substantially as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE: What is the question we are here to consider? It is the claim, or request, on the part of some of the citizens of the Commonwealth, and some influences outside of it, that a certain statute on the statute book should be repealed. What is the cause of that request? What is the statute? Well, in the first place, sir, it is a statute to secure—so it is named—the personal liberty of individuals within the Commonwealth. Why do they ask its repeal? Because it is supposed to conflict with a statute of the United States, termed the Fugitive Slave bill. What is that bill? It is a bill to carry out a clause of the Constitution of the United States, which says that persons bound to service or labor in one State, shall not be freed from that bond by escaping to another State, but shall be delivered up upon claim.

What is the objection to this Fugitive Slave bill, that men are so anxious that it should be countervailed, resisted, curbed, by the Constitution and the laws of Massachusetts? It seems to me there is where our investigation commences.

What is this Fugitive Slave bill, and why do we hate it? For I am willing to allow, Mr. Chairman, at the outset, that I value this Personal Liberty bill, not only for the protection that it gives to the free natives of Massachusetts, but for the measure of protection that it gives to the fugitive slaves within the Commonwealth. I claim that, with one qualification—that of the Constitution of the United States—Massachusetts has a right to protect every human being within her borders, slave whether he may have been previously, or not. And I wish it, therefore, understood, at the outset, that it is no objection, in my mind, that this Personal Liberty bill does cover certain liabilities and dangers of the Fugitive Slave bill. And again, Mr. Chairman, I wish to speak to you, to-day, as under the Constitution, as I would address persons sworn to support the Constitution of the United States. My views, personally, are otherwise; but I come to address a Legislature which stands under that law, and, of course, as a sane man, I wish to address to them arguments which they are competent and authorized to consider. What is, then, the Fugitive Slave bill? Why, it is a bill, as you know—shortly designated—that puts a man on trial for something more valuable than life, not before a judge, but before an officer whom a judge appoints and may remove to-morrow.

It says that his liberty may be sacrificed to nobody knows whom, be taken nobody knows where, before nobody knows whom. No opportunity to cross-examine that witness, no opportunity even to know whether the apparent judge who signs the affidavit is a judge, whether the person that makes it is a living being, no means of cross-examination or scrutiny whatever. And on the faith of such a witness, and, if the Commissioner pleases, without any further proof, even of identity, a man is to be taken from a place where he has lived twenty years—for aught you know, where he was born—and carried away a thousand miles, or [illegible] ciple, for which we have fought for centuries, for which the Constitution of the United States contains a guaranty, that a man on trial shall be confronted with his witnesses; that he shall be tried by due process of law, which every legal authority, from Coke down to Story, says means a jury. Beside that, witness Hancock and Adams, witness all the arguments of the Revolution, that he shall be tried in the vicinity where he is found, other things being equal. I say this statute violates all these provisions. I need not go into argument upon this point. It is a statute that made the blood of the Christian world run cold.

Massachusetts puts on her statute book a law to curb it as far as possible. Now the temper of the Commonwealth says, "Take that law off." Well, gentlemen, do you know what you are curbing? We have had Sims cases and Burns cases, where men, without, I might almost say, even the form of a trial, without a tittle of what could be called evidence, have been carried down our most public streets, in defiance of the sentiments and—for I call by the name of law the rules of evidence—the laws, the common law of the State.

But that is not all, gentlemen. That Commissioner sits there, and his certificate is final. Nobody can overlook it. It has no appeal. When Mr. George T. Curtis signs that paper, according to the statute called the Fugitive Slave bill, nobody can look into it—unappealable—no interference. What does it mean? It means that the slave-hunter may take his slave man or woman, and do what with them? Do you know what he may do, Mr. Chairman? He left the city of Boston, in those cases, in three hours, because he feared the people; but it is not necessary to leave in three hours—he may stay a reasonable time—twelve hours—twenty-four—the time necessary for the usual arrangements to quit the State.

What may he do in that time, sir? Let me tell you what he may do. The Prigg case says—and that is the foundation of law on this question—the Prigg case says this Fugitive Slave law puts this rule of service or labor on the same ground and to the same extent—please mark the phrase—on the same ground and to the same extent—as in the State from which the slave escapes. That is the Virginian case, and when the master in Boston puts his hand on the shoulder of the slave, has the same right to him that he has in Virginia. That is what Judge Story says—on the same ground and to the same extent.

Again, the Judge says it may be reasonably said—this is the opinion of the Supreme Court—that any State law which interrupts, limits, delays, postpones the right of the owner to the immediate possession of the slave, and the immediate command of his service, operates as a discharge.

Now, therefore, you recollect that when Mr. Suttle takes Anthony Burns, or when the slave-hunter puts his hand on the shoulder of Ellen Craft, he would have had the same right for those twelve hours in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to the same extent as in his own State. Any law that limits the operation of the United States law is void. Suppose he had said to Ellen Craft, "This is my chamber, come and occupy it!" will you say there is no law in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts that can limit or postpone that Georgian right? And yet you do say so when you submit to that Fugitive Slave bill.

Suppose he had taken Anthony Burns in front of the Revere House, and whipped him—so that it be moderate correction, which the law of Virginia allows, and which, according to the decision of the Prigg case, no law of Massachusetts has a right to limit or postpone. Do you submit to that? May he put his hand on man for punishment and on woman for degradation, and is the Commonwealth of Massachusetts bound to submit? You say he will not dare to do it. *The Daily Advertiser* said, in 1850, in two or three successive articles, that Fugitive Slave bill can never be passed; and, to-day, that *Daily Advertiser* warns you to repeal every provision opposed to it. The old Commonwealth of Massachusetts scouted the idea that that bill could ever be a law, led by *The Daily Advertiser*; and to-day, the whole press of Boston is so submissive, it warns you not to touch a tittle or iota of that very statute. I tell you, if the slave-owner chooses to degrade the slave to the limit of the master's power over his slave in the South, there is no police in Boston to prevent it—there is nothing but a right in the State to prevent it.

And I wish you to understand when we take off from the statute book the provisions of this act, what we meet, and how far we get down on our knees before the Slave Power. The Fugitive Slave bill is, in fact, nothing less than making the slave law of the South the law of Massachusetts.

Well, Massachusetts has put upon her statutes this bill. For what purpose? Why, it is a bill to claim all she possibly can against that law. She has said, unanimously, it is unconstitutional. What is that statute? People are talking about the provisions of the Personal Liberty bill. The provisions of that bill are simply these, that in case a man is taken up under the Fugitive Slave law, the Supreme Court may issue a *habeas corpus*. Then the other part of the statute provides that a man who undertakes voluntarily to help in the return of a fugitive slave does it at his peril, and that if the alleged fugitive proves not to be a slave, the person so volunteering shall be punished. That is the substance of what is called the Personal Liberty bill. I want to ask you why it should not stand; and that is the purport of the remarks I wish to make to you this morning.

Now, gentlemen, in the first place, who asks us to repeal it? It is said South Carolina asks us; but she does not; she has not asked anything of the kind. Who does ask us to repeal it? Why, the Mayor and Aldermen of Boston—a body which keeps every law except that which protects liberty. [Though the Chairman of the Committee had interdicted any demonstrations of approval from the spectators, and Mr. Phillips had seconded the prohibition by his request in beginning, the audience, which was evidently composed chiefly of those opposed to the repeal of the law, here and elsewhere, persisted in manifestations of applause.] I should not think their voices ought to be very potent in changing South Carolina, until they behave themselves.

Other influences have been sent to Washington. Compromise is all in the air. I desire to be respectful to every man, before the Commonwealth. But one Slave Commissioner urges the Legislature, before another Committee, to indicate all sorts of compromises. He did so yesterday. I do not think he is to be taken as an indication of the moral wish of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. I remember, gentlemen, that when Robespierre was pleading for his life against the National Convention, a voice said, "The blood of Danton chokes you!" And when George T. Curtis asks the Legislature of Massachusetts to compromise, the blood of Simms chokes his utterance to the Commonwealth from which he was returned. I merely wish to indicate the sources from which this request comes.

What do they ask us, in fact, to repeal? This is no new law, gentlemen. My esteemed friend, Mr. Sewell, referred to it as subsequent to 1850. So it is, technically; but Massachusetts has never been without a statute of this kind on her statute book—never. Pardon me, a moment, Mr. Chairman, while I look back to the history. We had this slave clause in 1789, in 1791. And, certain men kidnapping a colored person in Pennsylvania, Gov. Mifflin and George Washington had a correspondence together on the subject, which led to the enactment of the law of 1793. What did the States immediately begin to do? The States, by the courts and by their statutes, immediately began to control that power within the narrowest constitutional limits. If you trace the doctrine down through Sargent and Rawle, through the whole of the New York reports, through the statute books of New Jersey and this State, you will find that every Commonwealth instantly indicated its purpose to uphold the Constitution, but not one iota more, not one. When, in 1836, our revisers dropped the personal replevin out of the statute book, one of your Committee knows, as well as I do, that one of the best lawyers in the State, James C. Alvord, in an argument which has never been answered, replaced that statute on the book, for the express purpose of curbing the law of 1793. That was in 1837. We come to 1843. Then came the Latimer bill, in 1847 came another, then in 1855, and then in 1858. It is an unbroken line of statutes. The evident intention of this Commonwealth, like her sisters, was to grasp everything she could consistently with her loyalty to the Constitution.

Now, all I ask you to do to-day, gentlemen, is to follow in those same footsteps—not to turn back upon the course of sixty or seventy years. You talk of erasing this statute, but, in fact, you change the legislation of Massachusetts for sixty years; for that has been the essence of it—that a slave should have the *habeas corpus*.

Now, gentlemen, again, before I proceed to give you some reasons why I think this statute should stand, let me refer to another argument. It is said this Fugitive Slave bill is constitutional. The Supreme Court of our State and of the United States say so. It is very true that our Supreme Court did say so in the Simms case; but it said so, not as my friends have said, on reason, but simply on precedent. Chief-Justice Shaw said the law of 1793 has been held constitutional; this law is like it; this is constitutional. He assigned no reasons. As a precedent, therefore, this decision has that force, and no more. In 1858, the Supreme Court of the United States decided this law to be constitutional. Granted. How much shall we yield to precedent?

How far are we bound to yield to it? I do not [illegible] to the extreme length of the Demo[illegible] we shall yield no authority. You [illegible] tic party have claimed almost the [illegible] recedents are of no weight whatever. But I do claim this, that a precedent, in the first place, is not to have absolute and conclusive weight. What does James Buchanan say—and certainly he may be considered some authority Southernwise—on such a question as this? Speaking of the books:

"Even if the judiciary *had* settled the question, I should never hold myself bound by their decision while acting in a legislative character. Unlike the Senator from Massachusetts (Mr. Bates), *I shall never consent to place the liberties of the people in the hands of any judicial tribunal.*"

This was in 1841.

"No man holds in higher esteem than I do the memory of Chief-Justice Marshall; but *I should never have consented to make even him the final arbiter between the government and the people of this country on questions of constitutional liberty.*"

As legislators, you are not bound by an unbroken line of precedents from the judicial bench. But here is only a single precedent.

Again, gentlemen, there are many cases where we need to construe a law. And here I am where I ask the immediate attention of the Committee. How do we ever curb statutes? By getting them construed. Under our doctrine of precedents, as Gibbon says, the ingenuity of humane men is employed beneficially in undermining wicked laws. Here sits the man (turning to Mr. Sewell) whose fame as a lawyer I would rather have than that of ten Chief-Justices, for one single fact. For fifty years, in this Commonwealth, we so carelessly scrutinized the Constitution that, under the Fugitive Slave clause, whether a man had escaped or whether he was brought to Boston did not matter. The District Court returned him, all the same. Nobody put on their spectacles of humanity and found that the law said "escaping"—not being brought—"escaping." My friend, Mr. Sewell, in opposition to the whole Bar of Suffolk, started the point that "escaping" had a loophole large enough to save every slave that was brought into the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. At his side stood Ellis Gray Loring, who almost at the same moment adopted the idea, and sustained it with rare ability. And, in defiance of professional eminence, and the Bench itself, Mr. Sewell carried his point, and established the Somerset case of Massachusetts, the Med case. Who does not envy the man who can look back on such a life? That is the only question of the attempts to scrutinize statutes and oblige courts to construe them.

Here is another. My friend—I am proud to call him so—James C. Oliver, in the Report of 1837, makes a labored argument to show that no State officer has a right, or is bound, at any rate, to act under the law of 1793. New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, had admitted the same argument. It remained in that still unsettled state, everybody saying, "You can never change the statute of 1793—Congress cannot act, the Supreme Court will not act." That statute never got the judicial decision until the Prigg case, in 1842. The moment we got a case there, they indorsed the statement of Mr. Oliver, deciding that a State officer is not bound to act—and some said he cannot act. We gained our point. Sometimes there would be only two judges in the whole State. Your fugitive slave was in Newburyport, and you had to go a hundred miles to get a man to help you. That was a great gain.

[We are obliged, in order to issue our paper in season, to give a more condensed report of the remainder of Mr. Phillips's address.]

When Judge Story rendered the decision of the Supreme Court on the Fugitive Slave law, Mr. Phillips called it infamous, and he now called it infamous, enough to outweigh a reputation ten times as brilliant as that of Judge Story. Just what that decision did with the statute of 1793 the remonstrants now want to do. They want the privilege of carrying up questions to the Supreme Court. The saddest point in the history of that decision was one which has never been noticed but once, and that by Richard Hildreth.

By a decision of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, in the second volume of Sargent and Rawle, it was held that if, by the laches of the master, a fugitive slave was permitted to remain in the State over a year, children born after the expiration of that year were free. Yet, although of the two or three children in this case, one was born after the expiration of a year from the escape of the mother into Pennsylvania, all the children were remanded back into slavery. And there is not one word given to that child in the decision of the Court.

Now, gentlemen, how does South Carolina behave? She is the State that is making the trouble on this occasion. Let me tell you a little piece of her history. In 1820 she passed an act providing that any colored cook or steward of a vessel coming into the State should be imprisoned during their stay, that the captain should pay their jail fees, and that, if he did not, he should be liable to a thousand dollars fine, and the negro man, if he remained there, should be sold into slavery. Mr. Justice Johnson, of the Supreme Court, in 1823, ruled the law unconstitutional. Mr. John Quincy Adams, a few years subsequently, at the request of the British government, brought the unconstitutionality of the law to the notice of South Carolina. Did she repeal it? Not a bit of it. Massachusetts sent Samuel Hoar there, later down, to test the constitutionality of that law, and try the case; she mobbed him, and passed a law that if Massachusetts sent anybody else to do the same thing, she would put him in the State Prison. And then she waited, with that law, a little modified, but unrepealed essentially, on the statute book, until 1856, when the Dred Scott decision is supposed to have made it constitutional. Now, South Carolina kept an unconstitutional law on her statute book for thirty years, until she brought the Supreme Court around to her opinion. In spite of foreign governments, in spite of sister States, in spite of the Supreme Court, she kept the statute there. She said, "I believe it constitutional; it is necessary for the safety and the police regulations of my State; I will wait the argument until the Supreme Court has opportunity to revise or substantiate its position." And she has conquered. Now, what do you ask? All we ask is for you to wait a year or two, and give us an opportunity for reargument. Even then we would be only following the course which the Southern States have universally followed in regard to the Supreme Court.

But, gentlemen, "it is not constitutional." The lawyers doubt; some are on one side and some on another. Governor Andrew says it is not unconstitutional; Mr. Charles G. Loring, perhaps the highest authority, says it is not unconstitutional. With a single—and perhaps not even one—exception, Judge Thomas thinks it is not unconstitutional; and his decision is the more weighty because, on political grounds, he wishes it [illegible]. Then, no lawyer believes it to be unc[illegible]al, except on the ground that the Fugitiv[illegible]w is constitutional. No man says it conflicts [illegible] Constitution. All over the free States this [illegible]nconstitutionality means that it conflicts with [illegible] clause of the Constitution.

That is the only point of [illegible] another person who asks u[illegible] who said, in *The Journal*, [illegible] yesterday, speaking of the Simms case [illegible]ms case—in which a man was arrested by [illegible] a policeman of Boston, for theft, and when [illegible] was got into custody was turned over to the fugitive slave claimant—a falsehood that in any decent court would have vitiated the arrest—and then tried, as you know, behind bayonets, and our Supreme Court crawling under a chain to its own room—Mr. Joel Parker says of that week, of the efforts of Charles G. Loring to make the Supreme Court issue its *habeas corpus*, of the unanswered and unanswerable argument of Robert Rantoul for the same purpose, he says, "it was an amusing week." It is the only phrase he has for that black week—it was an amusing week!

But even he, in all his argument, has no basis for his objection to the Personal Liberty bill, except the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave law. Now, on that, should I say too much when I stand in front of Charles Sumner, and Horace Mann, and Robert Rantoul, and Charles G. Loring, and two thirds of the profession throughout the free States—should I say too much if I said that no man whose voice was not corrupted by politics or choked by bribes, ever held it constitutional?

But putting that aside, gentlemen, look at the provision itself. Here it is. The man who is arrested as a fugitive slave shall have a right to trial by jury. How can a man be arrested as a fugitive slave? He can be arrested thus: Mr. Suttle can come to the streets of Boston and take him. The Prigg case and all the decisions say he may come, and take him where he can find him, put him in a carriage and drive him out of the Commonwealth, and need not apply to anybody. That is the first right, undenied on all sides.

Now, as Mr. Charles Loring says, if a man does that, of course the Supreme Court of Massachusetts has a right to the *habeas corpus*. There is no lawyer, anywhere, that denies it. Is that unusual? Why, it is the usual way of doing. I have a simple tract here in my hand, containing an account of, perhaps, sixty or seventy fugitive slave cases under the law, and thirty-two of them are cases where a man put his hand on the alleged fugitive, without any law or any authority from anybody. Some were made out to be kidnapping; in some the claimant had a shadow of title.

Now there is one case in which the law is undeniably constitutional—if a man comes here and puts [illegible] hand upon a slave, and, without appealing to any[illegible] takes a man out of the State. It has [illegible] New York, it was done in our [illegible] my knowledge. It was don[illegible] Cod, and the man carried [illegible] parties taking him were acq[illegible] diction. I know a case wher[illegible] man from Carol[illegible] detained a slave at the wharf until a letter could [illegible] procured from the South.

And had we not heard of it, and got on board the sloop and taken him off, the man would never have touched Massachusetts soil, though he floated in a Massachusetts harbor. Suppose that man had stood at the gangway of the vessel and refused us entrance, is there no use of Judge Bigelow's writ to enter and see who this man is, and whom he is taking back to South Carolina? We had three or four cases in the harbor of Boston, and in most cases the man has been carried back without the possibility of interference.

Then there is another case. Suppose a man means to carry his slave before a Commissioner. In another case, where a black man was rescued, I rejoice to say, by the interference of friends, the man had got him in the hold of the vessel, and had sent to Mr. Hallett, and had papers prepared for the purpose of carrying him away. Now, suppose that while that man was being carried up from the wharf, while there was neither warrant nor other process under the Fugitive Slave bill, one of the judges of the Supreme Court had issued his writ, would he not have a right to do so? Perfectly legal.

A man cannot always get his papers before he finds his slave. He finds the man first. He gets him into safe custody. Usually he bribes a policeman to arrest the fugitive as a thief until the papers are properly certified. And I am glad to say that in some cases we have made the duty so intolerable that the master has to run from one Commissioner to another, for a long time, before he can get any Commissioner to make out the papers. In that case the statute is doubtless constitutional. Now, come to the last case. The master has got the fugitive into the hands of Mr. Curtis. He has got the certificate. It is all done, you say. How do you know it is done? Do you know the certificate is regular?

It is a hideous statute; in cruelty it is placed above the Code of Draco; it makes Jeffries a decent man in comparison. It requires this certificate, meaning of course this certificate in regular form. But his Excellency says, in his address to you, he has known of one case where a man was carried back, where the certificate was not regular. Suppose the Supreme Court had issued the *habeas corpus*, and when the papers were laid on the bench they should say, "Mr. Marshal, you meant to get a certificate; you have not got one; take the man out." Is not that legal?

She is given up as if she were [illegible] paper, not worth considering. [illegible] point of sufficient consequen[illegible] United States Courts, through [illegible] decision, did not deem this pr[illegible] a line or a word. Suppose that a slave master lets his slave woman come to Massachusetts, that she lives here twenty years and has a family of children, and Mr. Curtis issues his certificate for the rendition of the whole, shall we say that our Supreme Court is not to issue a *habeas corpus*, and that we shall not be secured the right of arguing this point in the Supreme Court of the United States?

Suppose Mr. Curtis should receive from Alabama or Mississippi an affidavit of ownership of a slave, and the slave denies the statement of the affidavit? Is there to be no issue of a *habeas corpus?* What did Massachusetts do when grass grew in State street, under the embargo? She sent Sam Dexter to argue the question, and he argued it, and was defeated, and we sat down bankrupts. And we are not going to give up this case until we have argued it again.

While Anson Burlingame was sitting in that other chamber, six of the people of Massachusetts were taken out of a brig in Texas, and sold for their jail fees; and, though Massachusetts appointed Commissioners to redeem them, they have never been redeemed.

Mr. Phillips narrated the case of a black man who was found concealed about the bows of a vessel bound to Philadelphia, was landed at Newcastle, Delaware, by a Delaware Judge, allowed to return to Pennsylvania, and who yet afterward, under the Fugitive Slave law, was sent back to servitude by a Pennsylvania Judge. For such a case, too, we ask to reserve the right of an appeal upon the law.

Suppose the certificate is not regular in form? That is a case that has actually occurred in this Commonwealth. Is there to be no judgment on the validity of the certificate? When Anthony Burns was here, he was under lease. The year had not expired. Had his master a right to claim him? The Constitution says that a fugitive escaping from one *State* into another shall be returned. Is the loose clause of the Fugitive Slave bill, which provides that a slave escaping from the District of Columbia shall be returned, constitutional? Judge Story said, in Charles Sumner's office, just after the decision of the Prigg case, that the point in regard to the right of trial by jury had been not at all, or scarcely at all, presented to the attention of the Court, and that he would like to argue it.

Many other points may arise of a similar nature. We want to narrow the statute; we have a right to. The bond, but not a hairbreadth beyond it. Is there no limitation of the master's claim by the expiration of time? Other property changes its ownership by the lapse of years, if unclaimed; is there no failure in title in this case, from the lapse of time? If the slave is allowed to remain here twenty years, by the laches of the master, and marries a wife, and gets a family, if I trust him with the care of my property, if he owes me money, if he be my only evidence of possession, is his family, and am I, to be deprived of our rights by his rendition?

A hundred questions of this nature may arise. There never was a statute that you could not drive the Worcester train through it. And we mean to claim everything we can by any possibility obtain. To try suits on these doubtful points is not unfair. It is the only thing the legal profession exists for, and all that justifies such a nuisance. I am a member of the profession, said Mr. Phillips, and have a right to say it. Chief Justice Taney will die some time, and the Court will be reorganized, and we may get decisions which would be honorable to a Mansfield. The Somerset decision was the fruit of ten years of persistence on the part of Granville Sharpe.

They will tell us South Carolina asks this repeal. But she cannot come into court with clean hands. Her law as to colored seamen estops her from reproaching us.

But all the argument thus far has been on the basis of the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave bill. Once establish the constitutionality of that bill, and the only possible arguments for the desired repeal fall. Admit it, and yet we must have a machinery for bringing before the Supreme Court the doubtful points of the law.

Mr. Phillips closed by saying, that as Pascal said to his monastery, when the army of Louis XIV. thundered at their gates, "You may compromise your principles, but you will never save the Porte Royale," so we may disgrace Massachusetts, but we will never [illegible] Phillips's remarks, the Committee [illegible]ng.

THE GARDENER AND THE MOLE.

A FABLE. BY W. S. LANDOR.

A GARDENER had watch'd a mole,
And caught it as it left its hole.
"Mischievous beast!" cried he, "to harm
The garden as thou dost the farm!
Here thou hast had thy wicked will
Upon my tulip and jonquil.
Behold them on this tumbled bed,
Dishonor'd, drooping and half dead!"

The mole said meekly in reply:
"It was my star, it was not I.
To undermine is mole's commission,
We hold it justly from tradition,
And all the earth that lies near ours
Is given us by the Higher Powers.
We hear of conies and of hares,
But when commit we thefts like theirs?
We never touch the flowers that blow,
And only bulbs that lurk below.
'Tis true, where we have run, the ground
Is rais'd a trifle, not quite sound:
Yet after a few days of rain,
Level and firm it lies again.
Wise men like you will rather wait
For these than argue against fate,
And quarrel with us moles because
We simply follow Nature's laws.
We raise the turf to keep us warm,
Surely in this ye see no harm;
Ye break it up to set thereon
A fortress, or perhaps a crown.
Ye in the cold lie all the night
Under thin tents, at morn to fight.
Neither for horn'd nor fleecy cattle
Start we to mingle in the battle,
Or in their pastures shed their blood
To pamper idle churls with food.
Indeed we do eat worms—what then?
Do not those very worms eat men?
We never kill or wound a brother,
Men kill by thousands one another;
And, though ye swear ye wish for peace,
Your feuds and warfare never cease."
Such home-brought truths the gardener,
Though mild by nature, could not bear,
And lest the mole might more have said,
He chopped its head off with his spade.

—*London Daily News.*

RECENT EVENTS IN BOSTON.

[Extract of a letter to *The Tribune*, from Boston, believed to have been written by MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.]

IN order to try whether we really believed anything, and whether there was any moral difference [illegible]ween keeping our opinions in a state of metaphysi[illegible] solution, or suffering them to harden into deeds, [illegible]etermined to attend the anti-slavery solemnities [illegible] his their annual period of observance. Now, [illegible]ght we, is the time to discover the difference, if [illegible] between the sneak, who buries his one talent of [illegible]rity, the power that all men have, very deep in the [illegible], and the man who uses the inner gifts to com[illegible]e outer, of courage, experience, and the seal of true intention that only action can give. So we went first to the Music Hall, on Thursday evening, where only an inoffensive tea party was taking place. Here we found various illustrations—some people who have written books, and some who have lived them. It was a good company, of pure and benevolent people. The marble bust of Wendell Phillips looked placid and serene, in a blaze of gas glory. Music was discoursed from the band—in the midst were the damsels waiting on the tables. Tea, of which the less said the better, was poured and served. We are critical, and believe in the individual tea pot—none of your gregarious washes for us. All this was quiet and harmless enough. We greeted the living, and thought of the sainted—aye, the illustrious dead! For at such meetings Parker was wont to be seen, and the venerable head of Mrs. Follen now wears elsewhere its halo. And so we parted in peace, giving many a rendezvous for the morrow.

But Boston saw another sight at Tremont Temple next day, when the Anti-Slavery Society assembled, to hold its regular business meeting. There had been rumors of intended violence, and the chivalrous Mayor had refused to protect the meeting, in case it should need protection. We congratulate the negro race that he is called *Wightman*, not *Blackman*, but history, we think, should make him black enough. The meeting, accordingly, was held—the regular members occupied the platform—volunteers and sympathizers filled the body of the house, and after the usual simple formalities, the speaking began. What followed is historical. I will not narrate what everybody knows. I will only describe the feelings, by turns mournful and indignant, with which I witnessed the disgrace of the city of my adoption. Not only Mr. Phillips, to whom there exists a technical and organized opposition—the apostolic James Freeman Clarke, the serene Emerson, were interrupted, insulted, and, if not prevented from speaking, were debarred the privilege of being heard. Wendell Phillips was, of course, the principal point of attack. Such scenes are not new to him, and he showed throughout entire self-possession, and a good temper which reflected the keenest irony upon his contemptible foe. He stood handsome and well poised as Apollo, as if he knew that his Olympian shafts would fly far beyond the present scene, and only at rebound reach low enough for this rabble. If "Cast not your pearls before swine" be considered a Scripture injunction, then [illegible]ws have been silent, for they [illegible], and the metaphoric animal [illegible]ibes the lo[illegible] company who [illegible]pon the dignity and sacred security of the meeting. What say we? They were boys, but even in boys there is a difference. Little did they know what laws they were breaking, or what respect for law kept those whom they so vilely assailed from retaliation. Six resolute policemen could have quieted them in less time than it takes to write this, but these the Mayor withheld; and when at last they did arrive, their arms were palsied by his private command. Untruthful, paltering sinner! thy only chance of ever being heard of lies in such rascality as this. And how near of kin, methinks, to Mayor Wood! They of the meeting, arising in their strength, could easily have swept out these fools, but on them was stress of conscience. Having dreamed themselves, till then, citizens of a free country, it was not for them to inaugurate the violence that despotism alone justifies. Yet, if that issue is to be brought upon them, they will not shrink from it. What say you, Messrs. Richard S. Fay, James M. Howe, Amos Lawrence, and others, who inaugurated this mob rule in Boston, on the 3d of December last? I would mention another, who brought to the Redpath meeting the name of a gentleman and the principles of a prize fighter, but for his grandfather's sake I let him drop where he should be glad to hide his not extremely intellectual head. We are not, or trust we are not, to return these deeds of violence in kind; but when, on that sad Thursday, I longed to see the whip of small cords, and the sublime, indignant presence that made it terrible, I felt that on you, gentlemen—on you, money changers, profaning with your greed of traffic the temple of the people's liberties—and not on them, your witless and mannerless representatives, that scathing weapon should justly fall.

Wendell managed to be heard at last. Possibly yelling, stamping, and catcalling are pleasures which pall upon the sense at last. A slight whiff of police force became also apparent in the building at this time, and the long deferred speech was made, not altogether without interruption. With the letter of what Mr. Phillips said, we do not feel called upon to agree, but with the spirit of it—noble, truthful, and self-vindicating—all gener[illegible] hear[illegible] claim sympathy. Only don't talk of slave insurrection, Brother Wendell—that is not for you or me to invoke. Let us leave unshown the things that are un[illegible] say only, in view of what may come, God's will be done; and one good thing is, that it will be.

Had I heart enough left for a humorous delineation at this moment, I would speak of the sweet, dreamy invasion of the Sage of Concord on this battle field of angry realities. The melodious flute hoped to conquer where the bray of the trumpet could not silence the bray of the ass, and it is not impossible that some strain of its softer pleadings may yet rest in the rough and thoughtless bosoms on which it seemed to pour itself in vain. "*Gentlemen*," said Mr. Emerson, "I think you will like to hear my anecdote of Professor Wilson." "*Gentlemen*." This word was so addressed as to include the noisy galleries, and surely never before were courtesy and irony so subtly mingled. Sweet and imperturbable were all the words and looks of him of Concord, showing all the brighter, as T. W. Higginson afterward said, for this setting of riot. Of Mr. Higginson's speech time fails us to speak—it was cogent, nervous, and delivered with true temper and energy. And then the meeting was dissolved, and we came away, but lingered on the outskirts, anxious for the safety of our friends. They got off, however, without damage, and in the afternoon the same disgraceful scenes were repeated, with yet greater outrage. In the evening, as you know, the hall was closed by command of the Mayor, and free speech became extinct in Boston; *but the end is not by and by.*

A GENIAL VIEW OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

From the Literary Notices of The Atlantic Monthly.

IT is a singular fact, that Mr. Emerson is the most steadily attractive lecturer in America. Into that somewhat cold-waterish region adventures of the sensation kind come down now and then with a splash, to become disregarded King Logs before the next season. But Mr. Emerson always draws. A lecturer now for something like a quarter of a century, one of the pioneers of the lecturing system, the charm of his voice, his manner and his matter, has never lost its power over his earlier hearers, and continually winds new ones in its enchanting meshes. What they do not fully understand they take on trust, and listen, saying to themselves, as the old poet of Sir Philip Sidney,

"A sweet, attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face,
The lineaments of gospel books."

We call it a singular fact, because we Yankees are thought to be fond of the spread-eagle style, and nothing can be more remote from that than his. We are reckoned a practical folk, who would rather hear about a new air-tight stove than about Plato; yet our favorite teacher's practicality is not in the least of the Poor Richard variety. If he have any Buncombe constituency, it is that unrealized commonwealth of philosophers which Plotinus proposed to establish; and if he were to make an almanac, his directions to farmers would be something like this: "OCTOBER: *Indian Summer*: now is the time to get in your early Vedas." What, then, is his secret? Is it not that he out-Yankees us all? that his range includes us all? that he is equally at home with the potatoe disease and original sin, with pegging shoes and the Oversoul? that, as we try all trades, so has he tried all cultures? and, above all, that his mysticism gives us a counterpoise to our super-practicability.

There is no man living to whom, as a writer, so many of us feel and thankfully acknowledge so great an indebtedness for ennobling impulses—none whom so many cannot abide. What does he mean? ask these last. Where is his system? What is the use of it all? What the deuce have we to do with Brahma? Well, we do not propose to write an essay on Emerson at the fag end of a February *Atlantic*, with secession longing for somebody to hold it, and chaos come again in the South Carolina teapot. We will only say that we have found grandeur and consolation in a starlit night without caring to ask what it meant, save grandeur and consolation; we have liked Montaigne, as some ten generations before us have done, without thinking him so systematic as some more eminently tedious (or shall we say tediously eminent?) authors; we have thought roses as good in their way as cabbages, though the latter would have made a better show in the witness box, if cross-examined as to their usefulness; and as for Brahma, why, he can take care of himself, and won't bite us at any rate.

The bother with Mr. Emerson is, that, though he writes in prose, he is essentially a poet. If you undertake to paraphrase what he says, and to reduce it to words of one syllable for infant minds, you will make as sad a work of it as the good monk with his analysis of Homer in the "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum." We look upon him as one of the few men of genius whom our age has produced, and there needs no better proof of it than his masculine faculty of fecundating other minds. Search for his eloquence in his books and you will perchance miss it, but meanwhile you will find that it has kindled all your thoughts. For choice and pith of language he belongs to a better age than ours, and might rub shoulders with Fuller and Browne, though he does use that abominable word, *reliable*. His eye for a fine, telling phrase that will carry true is like that of a backwoodsman for a rifle; and he will dredge you up a choice word from the ooze of Cotton Mather himself. A diction at once so rich and so homely as his we know not where to match in these days of writing by the page; it is like homespun cloth of gold. The many cannot miss his meaning, and only the few can find it. It is the open secret of all true genius. What does he mean, quotha? He means inspiring hints, a divining rod to your deeper nature, "plain living and high thinking."

THE SENTIMENT OF NEW ENGLAND.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

BOSTON, January 30, 1861.

DURING the last two months I have travelled much through New England, and had opportunity to learn something of the public feeling about political matters. The sentiment largely predominant is this: "The slavery controversy must be settled sooner or later: let us have it settled now, *once for all*, so that it will not come up again, next week or next year, to embroil the country. We will concede to the South everything she can claim justly under the Constitution, but we will *not* give up our fairly won victory. Come what may, secession or no secession, we will not consent to the recognition, protection, and perpetuation of slavery in the Territories." When you see statements of a different feeling in the ascendency here, just conclude that there is some mistake about them. In this city, it is true, a portion of the commercial interest implores, "Give us peace at any price;" but in the rural districts, the people who pay the taxes and do the voting are saying with unexampled unanimity, "No backing down." Any of our Congressional Representatives who don't wish to retire to private life will be wise to heed their voice.

Sixty days ago, no one would have believed that the revolution would proceed to its present extent, with so little effect upon us pecuniarily. True, business is dull; but no duller than it often is at this time of year, and by no means equal to the depression of 1857. Many branches of manufacturing are reviving within the last two weeks, and there has been, and is likely to be, no suffering among the working classes. The visions of mobs of artizans and cries of "Bread or blood!" which the Secessionists have conjured up so often that they really believe in them, do not yet cast the faintest intimation of "their shadows before."

VIRTUE IN ROME.—There is now in Rome a young country girl from the kingdom of Naples, whom all the artists know by the name of Stella. The Parisian public, without having seen her, are well acquainted with her face and her costume, for she has sat for more than one French painter. Stella is very pretty and very prudent. She circulates unharmed through the ateliers, with no other chaperon than her little sister Gaetana. These two children (the elder is but eighteen, the younger nine or ten) earn together a dozen francs a day by following the profession of models. They *pose* for the head and the dress. It is a very laborious occupation, particularly in the early stages. The absolute immobility of body in the desired attitude becomes overpowering at the end of half an hour, and I have seen inexperienced models fall like a lifeless mass at the end of the sitting. Stella, as I said, is irreproachably prudent. This young girl, who cannot read, who has received no moral education, who spends the whole day among young men, has never given occasion for criticism. She follows her profession conscientiously, gathering crown after crown, until the day when she will be rich enough to purchase in her own village a house and a husband. These southern mountaineers are the Auvergnats of Italy. Unfortunately, Stella's village is under the control of the curé. The curé fancies that Stella is in danger at Rome. He writes about it to the bishop of the province, who writes to the prelate charged with the pontifical police. Consequence—orders to Stella to give over or to marry. The painters complain loudly, and set powerful springs in motion. A month's respite is gained. But the curé, the bishop and the police return to the charge. A husband is found for Stella. He is a booby of a mountaineer, ugly, stupid, and lazy. He now crosses his legs on a tailor's board, but he will cross his arms so soon as he shall be master of a woman who earns money. The affair rests at this point. The little Gaetana [illegible] ecclesiastics consider it their duty to make a poor girl who harms nobody marry? Is it the love of virtue? No, it is the horror of scandal. Virtue is not more common in Rome than in the other capitals of Europe, but scandal is more carefully hushed. The police does not allow the young girl to have a lover—it would be scandalous; but the married woman trades upon her charms—the flag covers the merchandise.—*About's Rome.*

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SIGN of the MAMMOTH PEN, No. 72 N. Fourth street (21 door below Arch), Phila., wholesale and retail stationery, blank books, &c., which we will sell lower than the same quality of English, French and American cap, letter and note papers, envelopes, drawing wax, plain and fancy wafers of every description; gold pens, rosewood and inkstands, pencils, and inks; lead pencils; blotting paper; plain and fancy penholders; [illegible] papers, books, Bristol board, tracing paper, portfolios, banks, etc., [illegible] billet and wedding cards, pocket books, port-monnaies, [illegible] diaries, &c.; envelopes at 10 cents per 100, by the thousand; mercantile forms, insurance companies, banks, etc., supplied with blank books to order, of the best materials and workmanship.
FRIENDS' MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES (a new Plate). CLOTHIER & PRIDDICK,
72 N. Fourth street, below Arch street.

TO THOSE WHO ARE UNWILLING TO SUPPORT SLAVERY.—During the last twelve years a store of free labor goods has been kept at the N. W. corner of Fifth and Cherry streets, in this city, for the convenience of those who wish to clear their hands of the fruits of slavery. [illegible] goods of slave labor cotton, sugar and rice [illegible] slavery—fully as inherently unjust and cruel [illegible] millions of [illegible] to purchase prize goods [illegible] against slavery? This is the only Grocery [illegible] city. Much care is taken to keep good Sugars, Syrups, Coffees, Teas, Cocoa, Chocolate, Rice, Spices, Fruit, &c., with an assortment of Dry Goods. The proprietor aims to sell at a small advance on what reduced; probably few persons [illegible] goods in the market. Many are so sold now [illegible] those with the inherent advantage of [illegible] and freedom eliteration. On hand, Dried Peaches of superior quality.
GEORGE W. TAYLOR.